



AUGUST 1938

# LEGION

M A G A Z I N E





10K Rose Gold on Sterling

only \$**7<sup>65</sup>**

Complete, Postpaid  
NO EXTRAS

A VERY

# SPECIAL OFFER!



SIDE  
(Actual Size)



TOP  
(Actual Size)

● Smart, rich, and expensive looking, this new Legion birthstone ring is *priced at about half what you would expect to pay for it*. . . . But don't let the modest, low price mislead you—for this is an unusual value, made possible by *expert designing and quantity buying*. . . . Custom made with your personal birthstone in brilliant, sparkling colors, this massive, service type ring offers a new and distinctive way of indicating your Legion membership. . . . The top or bezel is 10K solid rose gold, beautifully high-lighted. . . . The brilliantly hand-cut silver side eagles are in striking contrast with the rose gold finish background of the ring, which is sterling (solid) silver. . . . Distinctive and unusual, this new Legion birthstone ring is a marvelous value. . . . Order yours now — **if you are not absolutely satisfied, return it immediately and your money will be refunded without question**. . . . This is truly a very special offering!

★ ★ ★

## STANDARD RING SIZE GAUGE



Cut a slip of paper or string that will fit snugly around the second joint of the finger on which the ring is to be worn. This must be done carefully and accurately to insure a proper fit. Lay the paper or string with one end exactly on line "A," and the other end will indicate the correct ring size. Rings also furnished in half-sizes, i.e., 7½, 10½, etc.

## OFFICIAL & APPROVED BIRTHSTONES \*\*

<b>January</b> —Garnet	<b>May</b> —Green Spinel	<b>September</b> —Sapphire
<b>February</b> —Amethyst	<b>June</b> —Alexandrite	<b>October</b> —Rose Zircon
<b>March</b> —Aquamarine	<b>July</b> —Ruby	<b>November</b> —Golden Sapphire
<b>April</b> —White Sapphire	<b>August</b> —Peridot	<b>December</b> —Zircon

\*\*Each of these beautiful, sparkling birthstones is a brilliant *synthetic* —officially approved by The Precious Stone Dealers Association.

## { MAIL NOW }

Emblem Division, American Legion, National Headquarters  
777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Here is my order for one of those unusual new American Legion birthstone rings. . . . Please ship at once.

☐ Enclosed is remittance for \$7.65. ☐ Ship C. O. D. for \$7.65 (no extras).

My birthstone is ..... for the month of ..... My ring size is.....

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

Serial number of my 1938 membership card is .....

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion*

AUGUST, 1938

# The American LEGION MAGAZINE

VOL. 25, No. 2

Published Monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES  
Indianapolis, Indiana



EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES  
15 West 48th St., New York City

★  
**L**EGIONNAIRE HARVEY DUNN'S cover design should recall to all of us the fact that the war after the war is always the harder war for some of us. The Legion won't fail them.

**E**RNEST CLEGG, late of the B.E.F., had a wartime experience that probably defies comparison. An officer in the British Army, he was on leave in England from the Somme area when he was given an opportunity to take a short cruise with the Grand Fleet. He did—and ran smack into the Battle of Jutland, the greatest naval engagement of all time (so far). He—but why should we be telling you all this? After all, it's Mr. Clegg's story, and it's in this issue.

**H**AVE you stopped to think how much of America you'll be able to see on the way to the Twentieth National Convention in Los Angeles—that is, unless you happen to be coming from San Bernardino or San Diego? And if you are coming from San Bernardino or San Diego, think how much of America you saw last year when you went to New York. It all averages up. Join the Legion convention-attenders and see the world's greatest variety of scenery.

**L**EGIONNAIRE BATES' recital of what Hollywood will have to offer conventioners implies a profound truth, namely, that the boys (and girls too) will probably bunch up less at the Los Angeles Convention than they did at most others. There will be a lot to see and it is all pretty well scattered about. This

## CONTENTS

<b>COVER DESIGN</b> By HARVEY DUNN	
<b>EYE WITNESS</b> By KARL DETZER <i>Illustrations by J. W. Schlaikjer</i>	3
<b>HOLLYWOOD CALLING</b> By BERT G. BATES	8
<b>MEET THE NAVY CHAPLAIN</b> By A. F. HOHL <i>Illustrations by Frank Street</i>	10
<b>A GUEST AT JUTLAND</b> By ERNEST CLEGG <i>Illustrated by the author</i>	12
<b>HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE</b> By ROSS E. AMOS	14
<b>THEIRS NOT TO REASON WHY</b> By JIM HURLEY	16
<b>EDITORIAL: NEITHER "TOOLS" NOR "FASCISTS"</b>	19
<b>ABOVE ALL—THE CORPS</b> By AL THACKRAH	20
<b>SIDEWALK SIDESHOW</b> By WALLGREN	22
<b>BURSTS AND DUDS</b> <i>Conducted by DAN SOWERS</i>	23
<b>THEY DRILLED FOR OIL, BUT—</b> By BOYD B. STUTLER	24
<b>GEORGES, WHERE ARE YOU?</b> By HOWELL P. FRENCH <i>Illustration by Kenneth F. Camp</i>	28
<b>PATROLMEN OF THE DEPTHS</b> By JOHN J. NOLL	30
<b>TWENTY YEARS AGO</b>	35
<b>WAR ON THE CUFF</b> By CHESTER L. SHAW <i>Illustration by Will Graven</i>	37
<b>FRONT AND CENTER</b>	56

## IMPORTANT

*A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 61. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department.*

★  
goes, of course, for every day except Tuesday, September 20th. On that day everybody will be in line, or should be, and we hope somebody will resurrect the Keystone Kops to chase every intending slacker from the great parade turnout, right out of Hollywood.

**V**ALIAN efforts were made to determine the present status and whereabouts of Georges Perriot (see "Georges, Where Are You?") but to no purpose. You can read about this magazine's great adventure in the detective field at the end of Mr. French's article. Perhaps publication of Georges' history will bring him to light.

**T**HE "Twenty Years Ago" department will continue through the November issue. In compiling it the staff has used numerous sources—newspapers, news magazines, outfit histories, reminiscences, official publications and documents. No single aid has proved more helpful than a book published by the War Department itself: "Order of Battle of the United States Land Forces in the World War." We say "a book"—actually there are, or will be, three books. The first sets forth the activities of the combat Divisions and costs \$1.50. The second deals with G.H.Q., the Armies, Army Corps, Services of Supply, and separate forces; it costs \$1.25. The third, not yet published, will be concerned with the home forces. Copies may be obtained by writing the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., and enclosing the one thing needful in such transactions.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion, and is owned exclusively by The American Legion, Copyright 1938 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Daniel J. Doherty, Indianapolis, Ind., National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publishing and Publicity Commission; Members of Commission: Philip L. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; William H. Doyle, Malden, Mass.; Jean R. Kinder, Lincoln, Neb.; Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond Fields, Guthrie, Okla.; Jerry Owen, Portland, Ore.; Ben S. Fisher, Washington, D. C.; Lynn Stambaugh, Fargo, N. D.; Van W. Stewart, Perryton, Tex.; Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Conn.; Tom McCaw, Dennison, Ohio; Carter D. Stamper, Beattyville, Ky.; John J. Wicker, Jr., Richmond, Va.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; John B. McDade, Scranton, Pa. Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Director of Advertising, Frederick L. Maguire; Editor, John T. Winterich; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 Cents, yearly subscription, \$1.30.



# Let this Test lead you to more Pipe-Pleasure!



**1** If you think you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *taste*... make this simple test. While you're smoking, pinch your nostrils shut. Note that your tobacco smoke tastes flat...*flavorless*.



**2** Now let go. The flavor returns immediately, proving that you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *smell*. That's why HALF & HALF'S distinctive *aroma*, added to its finer *taste*, gives you richer, fuller tobacco flavor. This exclusive quality is called FLAVOROMA.

## Why you get FLAVOROMA only from Half & Half

As the test shows, you enjoy flavor partly through your sense of taste, largely through your sense of smell.

Knowing this, we set out to blend a tobacco appealing partly to your tongue, but *especially* to the keen nerves at the back of your nose.

In HALF & HALF, we got a blend that does just that. A blend with a special quality which we call FLAVOROMA... a perfect combination of AROMA and TASTE that produces finer tobacco flavor.

It is this exclusive quality of FLAVOROMA in Half & Half that gives you more pipe-smoking pleasure.

Try HALF & HALF yourself. Learn why FLAVOROMA is switching so many pipe-smokers to this tobacco every day.

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

THE TIN TELESCOPES!

JUST PUSH IT TOGETHER...

AS YOU USE UP THE TOBACCO...



THE TELESCOPE TIN gets smaller and smaller as you use it, makes tobacco easy to get at all the way down. No scraped fingers as you reach down for the last load. (Patent No. 1,770,920.)

Enjoy the FLAVOROMA of  
**HALF <sup>AND</sup> HALF**

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE



# Eye WITNESS

By  
**KARL  
DETZER**

*Illustrations by*  
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

◆  
**A TWO PART  
MYSTERY STORY**

◆  
**PART ONE**

**T**HE plane was flying high, without lights, when Patrol Inspector Cobb first heard the distant purring of its motor. For two hours he had lain in wait for it, stretched out in his car just off the white concrete of Highway 99, that runs straight north from Mexico. His wrist watch when he held it under the dashboard light showed exactly one o'clock.

The plane was late. Usually it crossed the border before eleven o'clock, high above the sandhills between the blistered towns of Yuma and Mexicali. Two nights ago it had winged over the cattle pens at thirsty Niland, down near the southern tip of the Salton Sea, at seven minutes past eleven. Before that, for a week, it had slipped in as early as ten.

Cobb ran into the desert and halted with his head back and his eyes turned to the sky. Just out of reach the low stars hung like yellow sparks on the still night air. North and east, in the Eagle range, an air beacon streaked the sky with an arm of light. Against the rich illumination of the stars, even it seemed dim and lusterless. To the southeast, thirty miles away, two flickering gleams marked the dry ice plant at Niland. There was no other light.

Cobb listened. There was no sound either, now. Silence and rich warm purple darkness again filled the deep saucer of

**On the side away from the house  
he stepped into the lake**



the valley. The air was heavy. It pressed like thumbs against his ear drums. The road, here along the west shore of the sunken Salton Sea, was itself two hundred feet below sea level.

He waited. Somewhere across the heavy salt waters of the new sea, a railroad train whistled at last, and back in the dark mountains a coyote yipped in answer. That was all, except for the occasional ghostly whisper of dead chamiso stalks.

Then the plane droned again. No doubt this time. It was slipping in from the south as usual.

Cobb kicked impatiently at the gray lizard, scampering away from his boot like a stick come suddenly to life. So he'd wasted another night!

His duty, as a junior inspector, United States Border Patrol, was to discover how far north that plane flew, where it dropped to earth, who met it, and what contraband it carried, for planes arriving from the south at night, without lights, indicated one thing always. Contraband.

So much for his duty. To date he'd certainly accomplished very little about it.

Only today his chief, sitting in the hot office at El Centro, had complained, "You're getting nowhere in a hurry, Cobb. It still comes over every night. It must land somewhere, you know."

"I've been a lot of places it didn't," Cobb had answered defensively. "Out on the desert every night for a month! Ten hours every day!"

The chief ought to know what that meant. He'd done it himself for fifteen years before he became chief. Watched days and nights for a batch of aliens, rag-tag and riff-raff from the ends of earth, cheating their way across the line through Mexico. Till his sun-baked skin shrank tight to his bones by day and he just missed pneumonia by night. He knew how difficult it was, even to find the ordinary prints of a professional herding in some bargain-lot afoot, but the traces of a plane started nowhere and ended nowhere. He seemed to forget very easily.

He asked, "No landing marks?"

"None. Not in our district. I've been from Barrego valley to Boulder Dam."

The chief grunted, and his next question was entirely unexpected. "Ever hear of Little Joe Page?"

Cobb hadn't, at the minute. He'd known Pages, but no Joe. And then he remembered who the notorious Joe Page was, and felt foolish. "I read the papers," he said.

"Oh, really," the chief replied ironi-



**Two pudgy hands came up, then a head, at Cobb's command**

San Bernardino range, anyway. They've watched for him."

"So . . ."

"So bring him in next trip. If he's flying aliens, it'll be some fat old codgers rich enough to pay his price."

Now it was one o'clock of another May morning and a plane which might or might not be under the orders of the fugitive Page, or Gill, or whatever his name happened to be at the minute, was muttering high overhead.

Too high. The low starlit desert slanted down only a mile here from the concrete road to the west shore of the Salton Sea. It dropped another fifty feet in that mile, to meet the level of the water. Those

cally. "When you get time, I suppose you mean. Well, Page has been missing back East how many months now? Four? Something like that. Think he was taken for a ride?"

"Probably," Cobb guessed.

"Wrong." The chief's blue eyes, pinching into the eternal desert squint, scanned the big wall map of west Mexico. "No, according to the currently reliable



were thin bunches of mesquite and tamaracks and tulé weeds scattered there in that dark streak along the margin, man-planted, most of them.

Cobb stepped cautiously into the heavier darkness of a dry wash. Side-winders lurked in the washes. He'd killed one early this evening . . . even a man in high, heavy boots had to be careful. What to do now, besides go back to El Centro and report himself out of luck again? Here he was, very much on his own two feet on earth, and up there soared a plane. As much chance of connecting with it as of throwing snowballs

a prosperous citizen and entirely respectable.

Cobb had seen him once or twice in the Dunes Casino. A big blond fellow. There was a lot of talk, legend, about him in the valley. He liked a good time, did a lot of crazy things just to spend money, or make more; to keep from being bored, some people said. He owned half the real estate in Palm Springs, if you could believe the rumors, and a slice of the orange groves in the San Jacinto foothills, and date gardens over Mecca way. He wouldn't be mixed up with smuggling.

The black spot in the sky dropped

alighting on McCain's new landing field.

Cobb stood on that field himself this very minute, a great flat piece of desert with the hummocks shaved off and dry washes filled and a stocking blowing. This plane was headed more to the east. Its motor was idling, though. Ordinarily that slow, uneven cadence would indicate that it was taxi-ing.

Cobb snapped his fingers! So that was it! That's why he'd been fooled every night for a month!

The desert was a natural landing place. You expected planes to come down on it. So this one had not. He hadn't found its



in hot Mexicali! And if he didn't connect with it . . .

A light shone unexpectedly among the distant trees. It disappeared, flashed briefly twice again. Cobb straightened, dropped back into his pocket the chewing gum he was about to unwrap, and walked out beyond the clump of ocatillas that stood here like a sheaf of buggy whips.

Lights did not wink by themselves. The motor in the sky drummed more clearly, almost as if coming to earth.

Here? At his feet? It couldn't be. Things didn't happen like that.

Again the yellow spark flashed invitingly among the bunchy trees.

Cobb eyed it for ten seconds, then started to run. There were only three houses scattered along the whole thirty miles of this western shore of Salton Sea—two shooting lodges down south near Kane Springs, and another straight ahead where this signal flashed, if signal it actually were. That would be McCain's place, however, and Danny McCain was

lower. The air down here in the Salton Sink was buoyant. A plane stayed up easily, seldom dropped unintentionally. Running, Cobb stumbled over a crust of alkali and remembered: McCain had a landing field. He'd built it last year for his guests, and a gravel road, too, from the briny shore of the Sea to the main highway. He'd put fifty thousand dollars into this shooting place, Cobb had heard. "250 Lodge," he called it, because it lay that many feet below ocean level. He entertained a lot, wouldn't hire anybody but Chinese for servants.

Servants. Cobb, running, held on to the word. That might explain the light. It wasn't likely, but the chief would be sure to ask why didn't he ever check on things like that?

A stone rolled under his foot and he came up short, realizing he no longer could see the plane. His eyes, straining, tried to find it in the flat night sky. Had it swept on, after all, into other territory?

No. He breathed again. There it was, to the north slightly. The dark outline of the Chuckawalla mountains temporarily obscured it.

It was sinking—no doubt about it now—but apparently with no intention of

marks because it landed on the Salton Sea.

He broke again into a dog trot. It might not be landing on the west shore, of course. Salton Sea was only eight miles wide, just a deep pit actually, where the Indians for five centuries mined salt, before man's carelessness, building a dam a hundred miles away, permitted imprisoned waters to escape, rush down the long dry slope from the Colorado, and fill the mine. There were a few duck shooting places on the east shore, too. The pilot might be going to coast over there.

But he wasn't. He was here, right near McCain's. Cobb heard the rush of wind on fabric and wires. Then the motor died.

Silence was loud, for a long moment. Immediately, out of sight beyond a ridge, a man laughed unguardedly.

COBB was panting as he finally crossed the ridge. Two big cars stood on the new McCain road, but Inspector Cobb did not halt to look at them. The plane, a low-winged, four-place job, already was tied to a stake on the beach, with its right wing tipped around so one might step ashore without wetting his feet.

A half-dozen startled egrets, disturbed in their night's shelter among the tulé

weeds, still were flapping violently, with a windy rush of wings, and under the protection of this sound Cobb approached. He could see the house, fifty yards up the beach, dimly the figures of two men half way toward its steps—but only dimly; too many small clouds of fog were rising in scattered patches from the water.

He ran cautiously across the open space. Salt outlined the water's edge, as if someone with a whitewash brush had traced the shore line. The surface of the beach was hard and stiff, but here and there two pairs of fresh footprints had broken through it, one definitely larger than the other.

Cobb glanced at them, then on the side of the plane away from the house he waded into the lake. The heavy water felt warm as fresh blood on his legs. He swung up the two steps to the open door and there halted, remembering the chief's remark. Any old codgers rich enough to buy their way in by plane might be hiding in the fuselage. He peered into it. It was empty.

Listening, he clung to the handgrips. Down the beach, toward Danny McCain's house, a heavy voice was raised incautiously.

"If it's a set-up," it threatened in English, "you'll wish it wasn't! I don't trust nobody!"

Cobb quickly reached back of the control panel. The chief wouldn't have a chance to ask why he hadn't shown sense enough to tear out the wires, at least!

This time, as he ran, the surface crunched under his heavy feet. He went on, full speed, toward the house.

A radio was playing noisily. The long porch, that hung out almost to the water's edge, was brightly lighted. On it someone abruptly turned off the radio and a woman's voice cried, "Why, darlings, look! It's Slats!"

Cobb bounced up the dozen steps and jerked open the screen door. He hadn't been so slow. The two men had arrived only a minute ahead of him.

The woman was saying, "It's good to see you, Slats."

"Thanks," one of the men said, and turned on Cobb. "Who the hell are you?" he demanded.

"Federal officer," Cobb answered, and stepped into the lighted porch.

He could tell at once which were newcomers. Originally there had been three men and the woman. Cobb recognized McCain. He sat, in evening whites, a glass of pinkish liquid in front of him, at a table where he had been playing cards with the woman and another man, an iron-haired fellow past middle age, with a hard jaw. The woman was vaguely familiar. So was the flier, now that Cobb could see—a tall, bareheaded, bold-looking young devil in polished boots and tailored corduroys and a green silk shirt. Cobb knew him suddenly. This was Slats Clark, Hollywood's famous stunt flier.

"Well, what's all this?" McCain demanded.

One of his own guests answered, a fat fellow sprawled in a wicker chair, who got up clumsily to his feet and lurched forward, babbling. He was half-bald and florid and at the moment very drunk. He cried, "Well, if it isn't good ol' Slats! Where'd you come from, Slats?"

McCain said, "Shut up, Steve. Shut up and fix a drink for Slats and Mr. Gill."

Cobb stared. So here was Gill, introduced openly for all the world to hear. A hard, sulky little fellow, with no neck. Dressed too well . . . too flashily, beside these others, who were rich and knew all the rules. And scared. Not of any particular person. Of the place, rather. Scared of the rich Danny McCain's front porch. Cobb, completing his swift appraisal, saw the suitcase that stood, battered and heavy, at Gill's feet.

"I didn't . . . er . . . understand your name," McCain was saying. He looked Cobb over from head to foot. Not unpleasantly, Cobb noted. "You say you're a . . ."

"Federal officer," Cobb repeated. "Border patrol."

"Oh!" McCain said, and took his eyes from Cobb and let them rest briefly and this time unfriendly on Charley Gill. "I see. Border patrol. That has to do with smuggling? We've nothing to smuggle here. You're in the wrong place." He smiled, showing white teeth to match the white coat. "Get lost?"

"I'm in the right place," Cobb contradicted.

"I guess you don't really know where you are, my friend." McCain still smiled.



"This is my house. My name's McCain." He waited for the effect of this disclosure. "It's only natural to make a mistake sometimes. Must have been a couple of other fellows you were looking for. Wait a minute, though, before you go, and have a drink. Steve," he shouted at the drunken man, "fix this guest a drink, too. A drink for Mr. . . . what's your name? Cobb? A long one, Steve, with lots of ice."

"Sure," Steve babbled, "little drink for Mr. . . ."

"I don't want any drink," Cobb said. "I'm here on business. These two just landed in a plane from Mexico." He indicated Clark and Charley Gill. "Somebody here signaled them with a light."

"Oh!" McCain exclaimed. His brows,





The two men had just come up on the lighted porch

that had risen into twin little loops above the blue pinpoints of his eyes, relaxed. "From Mexico? How ridiculous! Sure, I flashed a light for them. They just flew in from Glendale airport. Oliver, here," he indicated the iron-haired man with whom he had been playing cards, "wants to go back to L. A. tonight. I sent for the plane."

Cobb persisted, "That plane came from the south. It flew without lights."

Clark started to answer, irritably Cobb thought, but caught McCain's swift look of disapproval. "I overshot," he explained. "Had to double back. As for lights, my wiring went haywire."

"Oh, did it, Slats?" McCain said. "Too bad. You see, officer, you made a mistake. Understandable one, though. You should be complimented on your . . . er . . . watchfulness. Here, while Steve's fixing that drink, meet my friends." He reached out and caught the woman's hands. "Miss Estrella, may I present Mr. . . . I should say, Inspector Cobb?"

Cobb did not bow. He was thinking, "Edythe Estrella. From the silent pictures."

"And my attorney, Mr. Barton Oliver," McCain was continuing, "and Mr. Clark . . ."

"I recognized Mr. Clark," Cobb said.

He suddenly didn't like Clark. No matter how well he could fly. Along the West Coast, people said knowingly that if you'd hook a motor to the kitchen table Slats Clark would fly it solo to Hawaii. "I want to talk to you, Mr. Clark, right now."

McCain pulled at his elbow. "And that's Steve Flaxner, the scenario writer." He laughed and looked at the drunken Flaxner goodhumoredly through his cigarette smoke. "Resting between pictures. Always lets his hair down when he's finished a job."

"I'd like a few words with Gill, too," Cobb said.

Did they think he was a fool, with all this talk? He (Continued on page 33)



# HOLLYWOOD

By

BERT G.  
BATES



Los Angeles convention visitors will go Hollywood for one day. Here are some of the stars they'll meet. First, Adolph Menjou, late Fifth Division, A. E. F.



Deanna Durbin

**A**MERICAN Legionnaires attending the 1938 National Convention in Los Angeles, September 19th to 22d, inclusive, will "Go Hollywood" in a great big way.

While the conventioners may not don berets or wear the bizarre vari-colored bush jackets so prominent along Hollywood Boulevard, the entertainment planned for convention week indicates definitely that the gang will truly "Go Hollywood." "How can I get into a movie studio?" is always the battle-cry of tourists and the American Legion convention program committee, with that question in mind, solves the problem with an announcement that will bring delight to the thousands visiting Los Angeles next September.

The program committee offers this year, as one of the major features of the week's entertainment, a free trip through one of the largest motion picture studios of the cinema capital. Warner Brothers-First National studios, located in Burbank, just over the hills from Hollywood, will be thrown open to all registered convention visitors and there, on Monday, September 19th, opening day, the mysteries of



Legionnaire Rudy Vallee and circum-ambient beauty pause for a still in "Golddiggers in Paris." At right, Shirley Temple gets a convention registration book from Cappy Capodice, Registration Chairman, as Ernest Orfila, Commander of Hollywood Post, looks on

the making of motion pictures will be revealed to the visitors sure to avail themselves of this rare opportunity.



Ann Sheridan





# CALLING



Bette Davis



Priscilla and Rosemary Lane



Anita Louise and Olivia De Havilland. Below, Margaret Lindsay



Sonja Henie

Famed Hollywood Boulevard, with its myriad of exclusive shops, bewiskered cowboy extras, eye-dazzling beauties, and in fact, a smattering of everything that goes to give the word glamour an added meaning in this bewildering community, will be the mecca for Legionnaires and their families. In traversing the thoroughfare one is quite apt to rub elbows with the great and near great of the film world. The Boulevard has seen them come and go. Hollywood mushrooming, as it has, to become the

haven for those with gifted talent and those who have won a prize in the hometown for saving soap wrappers. They all come to Hollywood and many go home, but there is something intriguing about this little city cupped in the purple hills fringing the city of Los Angeles. Oftimes the demure, shy-as-a-violet damsel standing alongside you peering into a shop window may be one of the glamour girls who has caused the old pump to palpitate in a fashion that otherwise would mean added "comp." Or perhaps that gorgeous little acme of perfection tripping along "the Boul" ahead of you may just be one of the maidens who is "off shift" at a drive-in beanery on the corner of Vine and Sunset.

Who wouldn't jump at the chance to glimpse darling little Shirley Temple, whose cleverness, coupled with a shock of curls and dimples to match, has made the old box office cash register develop a "hot-box"? Or perhaps Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard, Janet Gaynor and the dozens of other glamour girls of the picture world who "pack 'em in" from Scappoose to Schenectady, appeal to your more sophisticated eye. Yes, or it might be "Buck" Jones' horse, "Silver King." Or Donald Duck . . . dozens of his kinfolk can be seen floating around on the placid waters of Westlake Park . . . or the cousins and nephews of old Rin Tin Tin. There can be found just anything in this mystic shadowland. No other place in the world, but here in

Hollywood, could you see them in the flesh. While it is quite possible you might easily pass any one of them on the street in broad daylight without recognition, all who come to Los Angeles next September will have just as good a chance as a native Angeleno to see these celebrities.

The tall walls hiding the numerous major and minor studios of Hollywood are as hard to scale as the sheer cliffs of a marble quarry. Thousands of citizens of Los Angeles and Hollywood, living as they do within the shadows of these citadels, have never (Continued on page 46)



# Meet the NAVY

BY A.F. HOHL

*Former Chaplain, U.S.S. COLORADO*

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK STREET

THERE is a stirring old Navy ballad which is probably familiar to most of you who served in the Navy during the war. It's front-attack beginning is:

You have heard of the Navy and the  
boys who sail the sea  
For the glory of their country's colors  
free.

From the era of the frigate Navy down to our present day development of fifty-million-dollar battleships, a cheering American public has followed with keen interest the romantic story written into the pages of our national history by men of the "Blue and Gold." It is a long litany of "pounder" guns, boarding parties, short range and long range bombardments, landing forces, martial rule, destruction of enemy strongholds, reconstruction, rehabilitation, succor to stricken areas, peace missions, and good will tours.

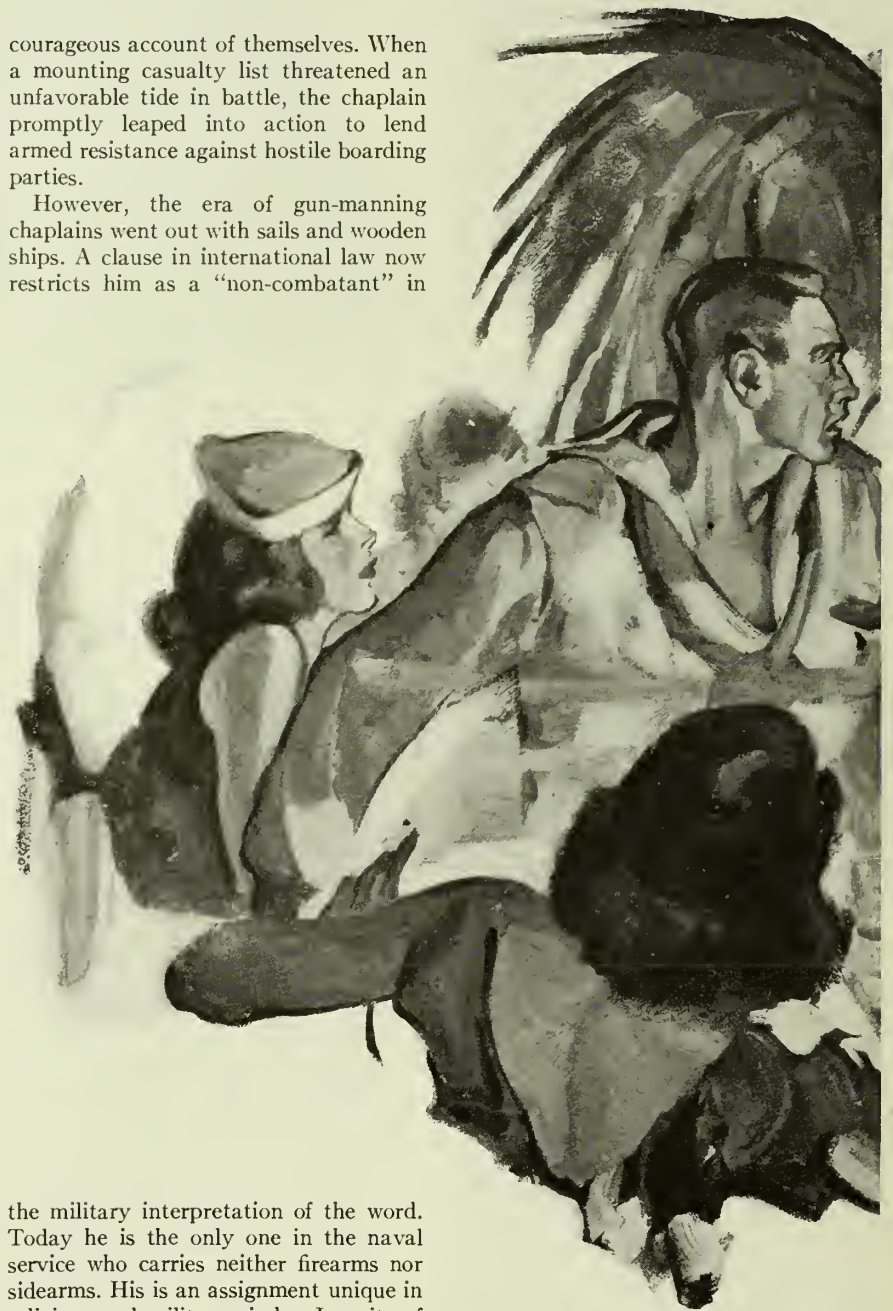
These things bespeak the accomplishments of men specially trained for a life of military achievements. But there are also the vital auxiliary agencies, such as doctors, dentists, paymasters, construction engineers—and *chaplains*. All play vital roles in the precise systematic organization of the Navy but comparatively little is ever heard of their work outside navy circles. This is particularly true of chaplains. Because their mission is surrounded with an endless series of confidences involving the motives, sorrows, troubles, and disturbances of the personnel and their families, a true record of their intensely interesting work never becomes a written document.

The story of religious representatives in the United States naval service is as old as that of the Navy itself. Back in the early days of the republic when patriotic souls were fitting out ships at their own personal expense and assembling crews from every stratum of the rough colonial life, there were spirited men of God who cheerfully identified themselves with the naval impetus of their day.

Although primarily concerned with saving what was still "savable" of a rough, hardy, sea-going lot, they were not at all averse to manning guns and handling the flintlock when the soul-saving business was temporarily suspended in the heat of some vicious engagement. They used the quiet, cruising days at sea to make the privateersmen "God conscious" and utilized the actual moments of battle in cheering the personnel on to a

courageous account of themselves. When a mounting casualty list threatened an unfavorable tide in battle, the chaplain promptly leaped into action to lend armed resistance against hostile boarding parties.

However, the era of gun-manning chaplains went out with sails and wooden ships. A clause in international law now restricts him as a "non-combatant" in



the military interpretation of the word. Today he is the only one in the naval service who carries neither firearms nor sidearms. His is an assignment unique in religious and military circles. In spite of his rank as a commissioned officer he holds no actual command; while he is the official representative of his own church affiliation he may take no active measures to convert men to the belief he represents (unless they definitely request his offices in this matter); he is expected to be the champion of enlisted personnel,

yet his life and environment are exclusively that of the officer class.

The Navy Chaplain Corps at this date is composed of eighty-four clergymen of various religious denominations. The number of priests and ministers chosen



# CHAPLAIN



**The sailor had taken a broad, low-sweeping window for a door and had been seriously injured in the thirty-foot fall**

from any one particular denomination for service in the Navy is based as closely as possible upon the percentage of officers and men claiming affiliation with that denomination. Thus an attempt is made to maintain an equitable distribution in

this respect at all times. There is no particular billet for any particular denominational representative. Chaplains are assigned to sea duty in accordance with a rotating plan which normally gives them three years with the Fleet and two years

ashore but the plan is elastic enough to provide for longer or shorter periods at sea depending upon the rank and personal preference of the individual.

Necessarily under this arrangement, a chaplain's ministrations are not confined strictly to those of his own religious convictions. His success as a chaplain depends upon the adoption of an impartial attitude toward all. Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, (*Continued on page 38*)



BY ERNEST



# A GUEST *at*

**I**N THE fatal month of August, 1914, I was a painter and designer living in New York City. The war which had broken out on the other side of the Atlantic seemed far away, but I could not let it go at that. For I was a British subject and I had seen service as a cavalryman in the Boer War. Any veteran would be useful, and I did not need to be told by posters: "Your King and Country Need You." I reached England in September and four days later was given a lieutenant's commission in the army.

If only it had been the navy, a career I had dreamed of as a boy! My family's circumstances had prevented it, and I had adopted my present profession. Now in 1914 I was 38, too old to be accepted by the navy. Nevertheless I was destined to

On leave from the Somme fighting of 1916, Mr. Clegg accepted an invitation to visit the British fleet—and sailed smack into the Battle of Jutland. A painter as well as a soldier, he sketched the greatest naval battle of all time, and from these sketches produced the graphic studies shown on these pages. Above is the destruction of the *Queen Mary*, struck by several salvos of German shells simultaneously, and sinking with a loss of more than 1200. An unidentified barque wandered into the titanic struggle by accident and lent the scene a fantastic touch. The original of this painting is owned by W. E. D. Stokes

be aboard a battleship in the greatest naval battle in history.

During the intensive training of my regiment, the Seventh Bedfordshire Infantry, I forgot the Senior Service, as we call the navy. Nor did I as a captain in the trenches in France have leisure to wish I were treading decks instead of duckboards. Then my old ambition was recalled by the appearance in the line of navy officers as guests of the army. Guests though they were, they pitched in whenever they happened to be caught in an attack and helped man machine guns.

There, reflected Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, was a commendable idea promoting coöperation and mutual understanding of problems, and it ought not to be confined to the Junior Service. He must



# CLEGG



# JUTLAND

return the courtesy. Accordingly an order issued to every battalion in France contained an invitation to any officer going on leave in England to visit the Fleet.

Of course that was an opportunity that appealed to me no end. On my return to the line from a training course, a six-day leave was due me and I asked that I be permitted to spend it with the Fleet. My O. C. looked grave and informed me that my leave must be postponed, possibly deferred indefinitely. In deep secrecy, preparations were being made for the Battle of the Somme.

Finally my leave came through after all in the last week of May, 1916, and I left for England, warned that no excuses would be accepted for overstaying. But by that time I had given up all thought of the cherished visit to the navy. I was

**German battle cruiser Lützow, flagship of Admiral von Hipper, on fire, leaves the action under destroyer escort with British shells still falling around her. She was abandoned and sunk seven hours later. Other ships shown are the Derfflinger, the Seydlitz, the Moltke, the Van der Tann, and (extreme right) the Wiesbaden, also on fire**

sure that my chances of surviving the big battle ahead were small. In all probability this was my last leave, and I would never see my wife again. So I avoided even mentioning the Fleet to her. It was she who spoke of it after three days. She could not understand why I had become

so suddenly indifferent to a plan she knew meant a great deal to me. Bound by the seal of secrecy, I could not tell her of the Somme even when she asked if rumors she had heard of a tremendous battle in prospect were true.

Generously she insisted on my original purpose, declaring that she was anxious for a trip to Scotland and that I might drop her off at Inverness and go on to the Fleet. There was nothing for me to do but acquiesce. I made application, obtained a two-day extension of leave and ultimately found myself at Scapa Flow, assigned to the battleship *Revenge*.

It was May 30th. A series of delays had conspired to time my arrival on the eve of a historic date.

"How long are you to be with the Fleet?" an (Continued on page 40)



Red-clay gumbo like this stretch near Temple, Georgia, proved the rule rather than the exception to the Motor Transport Corps. Below, the caravan figured the field couldn't be quite as bad as the road. It was



# HERE'S MUD

**M**AYBE you saw it in the newspapers, too—how in recent army maneuvers a mechanized combat Division of 12,000 men, complete with full field equipment, was transported by trucks a distance of 426 miles in twelve hours.

To me that unparalleled American feat of motor transport was of particular interest because I once commanded a fleet of military trucks which also established a record, a record in reverse gear still unsurpassed in the annals of the Motor Transport Corps. Believe it, as they say, or not, with every man and machine of Motor Truck Company 603 giving their all it required twelve days to negotiate the 104 miles between Camp Jesup on the outskirts of Atlanta, Georgia, and Camp McClellan at Anniston, Alabama.

In retrospect, our historic battle against the red-clay gumbo of the Deep South has humorous aspects, but take my word it was not funny at the time. Casualties enroute took away one-fourth of our original strength in men, 19 of 78, and the thirty nice new trucks with which we started limped over the finish line unmistakably destined for the junk-yard. Were we mud-caked survivors cited? I escaped a general courtmartial by reason of a camera enabling me to produce visual proof of our struggle, supple-



mented by a daily diary and a flock of bills like leaves in autumn marking our trail in requisitions for gas, food and medical care.

Reading the World War reminiscences of Nason and McMorrow, I am sure I speak for two million frustrated members of the home Army when I say we had our moments, too.

Although married, I had enlisted in June, 1917, hoping to get overseas at once. Side-tracked in the QMC, I gained admission to the Third Officers' Training Camp at Dix, emerging in April, 1918 as a second lieutenant of infantry. Striving for Hoboken, every new order took me further inland, west and south. At about the time hell began popping from the

*By Ross*

Argonne to the Meuse I was one of several infantry officers detailed to MTC Camp Joseph E. Johnston near Jacksonville, Florida. Our duty there was to instill discipline into a conglomeration of taxi and truck drivers who were as innocent of the fundamentals of military courtesy as were we of motors and chauffeur.

Salutes were unknown. Literally, the first thirteen men I stopped for failure to salute, countered my question, "What's your name?" with the query, "What's yours?" All in the most friendly spirit,

*The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine*





Manpower and a good tow rope do it when all else fails. Below, hub deep and not going anywhere, two miles out from Heflin, Alabama

# *in* YOUR EYE



## *E. Amos*

you understand. Between frisky aviators swooping low and jazzing motors to drown out voices as we sought to conduct open-air classes in the School of the Soldier and the curse of the "flu" epidemic, we had hardly brought a semblance of order out of chaos when the Armistice was signed. January of 1919 found me commanding Motor Truck Company 603 at Camp Jesup when on the 25th of that month I was ordered to convoy 30 Pierce-Arrow trucks to Camp McClellan.

As to why I did not first obtain all in-

formation possible as to the condition of roads on alternate routes between Atlanta and Anniston I can only alibi that I was plenty busy supervising details before departure.

Morning broke with a downpour of rain the like of which I had not seen before, or since. Soaking coldly through boots and ponchos the deluge transformed the camp into a quagmire. Our trucks, fresh from the factories, were turned over without coverings. When the drivers adopted customary army methods to supply the lack by swiping tarpaulins from other machines, committing the really serious military crime of being caught at their pilfering, I was forced to take more time to keep them out of the

guardhouse. Finally I secured authority to keep the coverings, which were necessary to protect food and barracks bags against the rain. Forehandedly I also drew a supply of rope, axes and lanterns. Followed the red-tape involved in drawing coffee money for the command. The Camp Quartermaster was sure an allowance for one and one-half days would be ample.

At length we moved out of camp, myself and my junior officer in a Dodge sedan at the head. The rain was blinding. Water splashed in sheets from the wheels of the following train. When night fell we had traveled clear to the city limits of

Atlanta, but counting my convoy I found but 28 trucks still with me. Retracing our route I found the missing pair. The next to the rear truck had been involved in a collision, not a single collision, mind you, a nice double one. A brand new Buick stood with its side stove in, a wagon drawn by two fractious mules rested hors de combat nearby. The driver's story, substantiated with righteous indignation by the second chauffeur, completely justified the fate of the two civilian vehicles. They had tried to cut through the convoy! Imagine that, delaying even by seconds the rushing precision of a military train.

With the convoy reassembled I posted a guard of twelve (*Continued on page 42*)



# THEIRS NOT *to* REASON WHY

*By*  
**JIM HURLEY**

**I**T WAS one of the few times up to then that the home team's followers had had a chance to cheer. Michigan State was playing Kansas at East Lansing last October. A gruelling first half left the elevens deadlocked, 0 to 0. The third period was dying rapidly. Then came the turning point. A bold forward pass clicked for a State touchdown. Frenzied joy in the stands, but gloom in the breast of the lad who engineered the score. The cheering hadn't died down when he was summarily yanked from the game.

That quarterback—his name, Leslie Bruckner—had committed one of the great tactical blunders of football. No matter that it brought his team a touchdown and sent them on a victory march that gave them the contest, 16 to 0. For all the success of his maneuver he was given a severe dressing down by Coach Charlie Bachman.

The situation was this: It was Michigan State's ball at midfield, fourth down with five yards to go. By all the tactics of football it was up to Quarterback Bruckner to play it safe. The accepted thing to do was to punt—put the other fellow back to his own goal line. It was no place to have a line play gummed up trying to get five big yards on fourth down, no place for a peg of the leather into the inviting but uncertain arms of a teammate, no place for an end run, no place, in short, to lose the ball.

Yet Bruckner perpetrated the unthinkable offense of throwing a forward pass. As he sized up the situation out there on the gridiron it might have been the thing to do. To the coach it was rank football heresy, a violation of an elemental rule in grid tactics. There may still be a lot to say for Bruckner's play in addition to the fact that it was crowned with success. He might have seen dispositions by the Kansas team that made it

a perfect set-up for a surprise pass with everyone expecting a punt. Bruckner no doubt realized the play he had in mind was unorthodox, but he probably figured that it couldn't miss fire. Therefore his bold, big gamble.

But, according to football tradition, he shouldn't have called for it. There was but one accepted play at that point. Bruckner had had it drilled into him since

plined as the military leader whose error costs territory and lives. They've been drilled and grounded in this conventional doctrine from their earliest days in the game. Theirs not to reason why, as Tennyson wrote of the Noble Six Hundred at Balaklava, even "though the soldier knew someone had blundered." Theirs but to do the accepted thing or suffer the consequences of it all—yes, win or lose.



**Ty Cobb gets back to first safely. Cobb never obeyed anybody's orders, but he was the exception that proves the rule**

high school days. He chose another course and his quick disciplining by the coach followed.

In our athletic contests depending on team play—football, baseball and hockey—there can be no departure from the orthodox. Rare is the coach who will stand for it; rarely is such a departure successful. Football has its graphs, charts and diagrams before every important game—the nearest thing to pre-battle plans of the military that we know of. There is football strategy and there is football tactics. Strategy may be varied, but the principles of tactics cannot be violated as is the case again with the military.

The football general who violates rules of tactics is as often and as quickly disci-

Probably no leader in all our sports history ruled so uncompromisingly as the late John Joseph McGraw, manager of the New York Giants for three decades. His reign was dictator-like and provided for no departure by any player from his scheme of battle. That he was successful is attested by the record over the years which saw him win ten pennants and three world championships.

There were no stars on a McGraw ball club when it came to executing his orders. His edicts applied alike to the outstanding pitcher or batsman and the veriest rookie. He exacted blind obedience to his will on the diamond and off and training regulations—foods to be eaten and hours to be abed—went for everyone, including his team captain. Whatever his espionage system it gave him constant check on every man on his squad and on many opposing teams, a fact that often amazed rival managers.

Theirs not to reason why was an axiom of the pudgy Giant leader. The victory





**John McGraw running his Giants from the dugout. McGraw would brook no disobedience on the part of the men in uniform**

was the thing with McGraw. He believed that since the public was paying its good money to see Giant victories it was incumbent on his athletes to (1) keep in the proper condition to win and (2) follow out the scheme he had evolved for their winning.

That John McGraw ran every step of a ball game from the bench is well known. Fielding positions were taken at his indication. Almost always he signaled for each kind of ball that he wanted his pitcher to toss to the enemy batter. His batsmen got their instructions as to what to do before they left the dugout for the plate, or subsequently as they stood there in a battle of wits with the opposing pitcher.

And woe betide the player who muffed a signal or purposely ignored it. There was none of the all-together-now psychology in the McGraw makeup. He got results in a different way—not by exhortations for team play, but by the carefully controlled response of the individual players to his will and plan of combat.

Discipline for violating a McGraw order was summary and often put in execution right there at the players' bench in full view of teammates, fans and enemy. It could not be offered in extenuation that the player's violation had been crowned with success, as witness the punishment meted out to Mike Donlin almost thirty years ago when, getting an order to bunt, he lambasted the ball for a homer.

The Giants were a run down going into the eighth and the initial batter reached first base safely. McGraw signaled Donlin to bunt, but Mike got a ball to his liking and belted it for a home run. He was warmly greeted by his mates after reaching home plate for he had put the old ball game in the satchel. But the smile that

wreathed his face was quickly lost as he passed McGraw on the bench. "That home run will cost you \$100," said the manager icily. And it did, too, for John McGraw brooked no disregard of orders and exacted every penny of a fine.

Harry "Moose" McCormick, referred to in the pages of this magazine by Grover Cleveland Alexander as one of the great hitters on the Giants, was similarly fined by McGraw. It was when Moose first came up to the New Yorkers in 1904. The Giant boss had previously taken plenty of the starch out of McCormick shortly after he was purchased from Jersey City. It was a teammate who told McCormick that the Giants had bought him. That was enough for Moose; he couldn't get away from Jersey City quick enough. He reported to McGraw just as soon as he could get to New York. The team was at fielding practice with McGraw in his customary role of batting out fungoes and grounders. When a lull occurred McCormick sauntered up to the Giant boss and said: "Mr. McGraw, I'm the new man you bought from Jersey City."

"Oh, you are, are you?" inquired the

doughty field marshal. "Well, get over to Jersey City and stay there until I send for you."

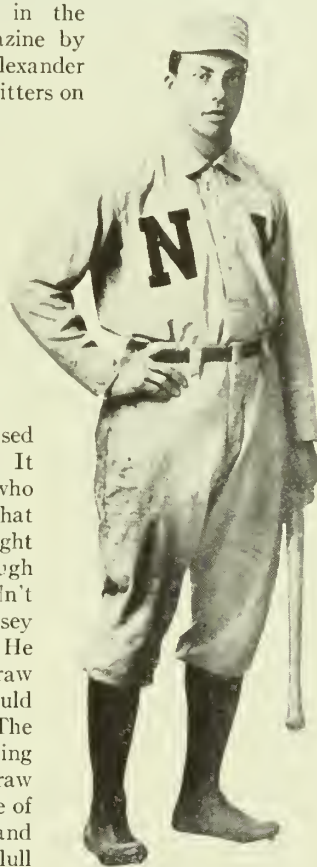
McCormick was officially summoned to join the Giants in due course and took his station in the outfield. There were numerous tried and trusty veterans on the team—he and Devlin were the only youngsters—and McGraw hadn't then become the czar-like ruler he turned out to be later on. But he was going to make those rookies knuckle down to his will. And in Cincinnati came the insubordination at the plate that took \$50 from McCormick's none too lusty paycheck.

It was an easy ball game, as McCormick tells it. The Giants were away out in front, their pitcher having the enemy at his mercy. New York was at bat in a late inning with two on and two out. Moose got the signal from McGraw to bunt, but down his favorite alley came a ball that he knew he could cripple. And cripple it he did, leaning into it for a triple that scored two runs. When he finally got to the bench McGraw lit into him like fury in front of everyone, winding up by announcing that the two-run triple would cost him \$50, which it did.

There was much disagreement with McGraw's iron-fisted domination of his players. Other managers said that the exaction of such unswerving response to his every command killed initiative in his players—got them out of the habit of thinking for themselves. "Where would Ty Cobb get under McGraw?" was often asked.

That was a moot question, but at least one other great baseball manager thought along McGraw's lines, for Ed Barrow, now the business manager of the Yankees, once refused to buy Ty Cobb because the Georgia Peach was

**Moose McCormick, whom McGraw fined fifty dollars. McCormick, told to bunt, had hit out a triple**



under suspension for disobeying an order to bunt. Barrow in 1905 was manager of Indianapolis in the American Association when he learned that he could purchase Cobb, then with Atlanta, for \$500, or secure both Cobb and Clyde Engle for \$800. He was interested only in Cobb. However, when he started negotiations he found that Tyrus had been fined and suspended by his manager for not bunting when ordered to do so. Barrow regarded him as a "crazy"

kid who wouldn't do what he was told, and decided he would have no part of him. In those days managers generally believed that it was not for a player to



reason why and the theory applies today too, in the higher command's scheme for victory.

Different coaches employ different methods of inculcating strategy and tactics in their gridiron hopefuls. The immortal Knute Rockne of Notre Dame was considered one of the super salesmen of his day, equally successful in selling the will to win and the desire for strong character and rugged bodies in his football candidates as well as gracing his commercial enterprises with financial return.

The beloved "Rock" knew his football as no other American coach and he had a way of imparting it to his players that was as unique as it was successful. The Notre Dame mentor knew as well as anyone else that there would come a time in a contest when his football general would get the urge to go on his own—to depart from the conventional and launch the bold, desperate thrust.

But the great moulder of football material had an impressive way of driving home in unforgettable manner the necessity for calling the right play at the right time. In his scheme he often employed one or more stooges in practice. He worked painstakingly on and off the practice field with a lad in whom he saw possibilities of football leadership. Just when the aspiring quarterback—and one Rockne had probably picked to be his great tactician two or three years later—began to think that he was getting good, the wily coach would bring him down to earth.

Rockne would purposely create a dangerous situation unbeknownst to his hopeful. The aspirant's team might, for instance, receive the ball at the kickoff on its own 15-yard line. In the huddle the stooge, generally a veteran and usually a center, would suggest a definitely wrong play. The quarterback would well know that the thing to do would be to punt out of danger, but the stooge would insist on a running play. Deferring to his greater experience, the quarterback would acquiesce. Naturally the stooge would gum up the pass. Then would ensue a fumble, a probable recovery by the opposition, or at best the loss of ground and a down by our tyro field general's side. It goes without saying that no one could sell him off the designated play in such a fix for the remainder of his football career. And Rockne had scores of other artificial situations of danger fabricated just like that to drive home the imperativeness of calling the proper play at the proper time.

Every athlete at Notre Dame came under the influence of Rockne, the great builder of men, but naturally none knew him like his football players. He was eternally solicitous of everything concerned with their well-being. A master of wit, he could kill with buffoonery or blistering sarcasm. But he would never intentionally humiliate in public a



**Knute Rockne testing out one of his linemen. Rockne used different methods from McGraw, but it added up to the same thing. At right, Mike Donlin, famous Giant outfielder, whose home run cost him exactly one hundred dollars**

player who might have done the wrong thing or pulled a dumb play. He would, and often did, summarily yank a man from the game for committing a faux pas, but the head coach would be the first to pat the retiring player on the back as he reached the sidelines. What happened in the dressing room subsequently was of concern only to the coach and his men.

He could, and did, dress them down in the privacy of their own quarters. Jimmy Crowley, one of his celebrated Four Horsemen who is now in charge of Fordham's football fate, tells a highly humorous story in which he mimics Rockne in the dressing room announcing the lineup for the impending contest and threatening to take everyone out of the game "so fast

it will make your head swim" unless each plays great football. There are strong, stinging words for the other three of the Four Horsemen and for all of the Seven Mules. Sleepy-eyed Jim turns the yarn with a great belly-laugh, when, in "Rock's" incisive voice he winds up: "And you, Jimmy Crowley, well, you just go out there and play your usual good game." But there is as much truth as levity to the story. The South Bend magician often yanked them so quickly it made them dizzy and he bawled them out plenty, too, although he preferred to employ other means to drive them to victory.

Knute Rockne stressed the TEAM. He was forever impressing his players that the team was no better, no stronger than any individual on it. If every man did his prescribed job the perfect play, resulting in a score, ensued, he said. And he insisted that the player subject himself for the ultimate good of the whole.

A superlative actor, he frequently resorted to dramatics to teach his players group lessons and to spur them on to do the things of which he thought they were capable. He chose this course, rather than an harangue. One striking example of this was the game with Northwestern on Cartier Field, South Bend, in 1925, the day on which Rockne "quit" as head coach. Northwestern had a great eleven that fall. No Notre Dame team had been beaten on Cartier Field in twenty years, but it looked that day as though the proud boast would echo no more on the campus at South Bend.

Notre Dame players trooped dejectedly into their dressing room after the half on the wrong end of a 10 to 0 score. The silence was killing. What would "Rock" say? Anyway, they deserved the greatest tongue lashing he could give them. Hesitant—almost flinching—eyes were raised as he entered. Yet there were no angry words, no whipping criticism, no exhortations to do better next half.

Instead just a few tearful sentences from a man who was almost heartbroken. "This is the first time that I've ever seen a team play for Notre Dame that didn't represent this institution," he began. "I can't take it," he continued. "I quit.

I'm no longer head coach. The job is Tom Lieb's now and he can have it."

Turning to Lieb, who was assistant coach in charge of (Continued on page 57)





## NEITHER "TOOLS" NOR "FASCISTS"

THIS magazine has always taken the attitude that in most instances the best interests of The American Legion could not be served by attempting to retort in kind to attacks directed against the organization. Most of these attacks have been deliberately designed to provoke retort—to keep the argument hot and therefore alive.

This has been particularly true of those attacks which have been of sufficient bulk to make their presentation in book form the most convenient method of circulating them.

One instance will suffice. Four years ago there was published a long, highly statistical diatribe against veteran benefits generally and The American Legion in particular. This book represented the author's first venture in this field, though much of the same author's previous work had been in other fields where the whole intent was to arouse opposition and indignation and thus to promote sales. Pressure was brought on this magazine to fight back. The magazine declined to do so, foreseeing that if the book were let alone it would die of malnutrition. The expectation was fulfilled. The book fell flat, and such copies of it as are now available to the public may be had at drug-store book-counters at nineteen cents each—your bookseller would have a hard time getting a copy for you, for the publishers are glad to be rid of the bargain. Oh, yes—we neglected to say that the book's original published price was three dollars and a half.

Recently there has been considerable to-do about an attack on The American Legion which was submitted in fulfilment of the degree of doctor of philosophy in an American university. The degree of doctor of philosophy is the highest scholastic honor which a man or woman can earn by direct intention. To earn it a student, already a college graduate, must generally devote two years of study to his thesis, and the thesis itself must be a definite contribution to the sum of the world's knowledge. The degree is jealously guarded; inevitably it is hedged about with numerous restrictions. It is essential to point out, however, that the degree is much easier to get in some institutions of learning than in others—that the restrictions are much less burdensome in some universities, that the honored initials Ph.D. after a name have not attained the full stature of their dignity until one knows what institution awarded them. The circumstances under which they are awarded are also sometimes worth in-

quiring into—the scholar most closely concerned with the candidate often has biases and crotchets which he is not at pains to conceal and which inevitably influence the candidate's attitude.

As in the past, The American Legion Magazine does not intend in the present instance to "answer" the new attack. It prefers to cite instead answers to it which appeared respectively in the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times*, neither of which newspapers has ever been charged with seeing consistently eye to eye with The American Legion.

The *Herald Tribune* says of the doctoral dissertation:

Some of these findings would seem to lack that fine judicial balance and that temperateness which might be hoped for in a thesis for which the author is to become a Doctor of Philosophy. For example, the "Black Legion" comparison is patently far-fetched, and the "privileged-classes" stuff is a loose and generally meaningless allegation. . . .

The American Legion has done some splendid work in protecting veterans who were disabled in the service of their country; its patriotic policies are beyond cavil. Of course, the average Legionnaire is not a "Fascist." He is a middle-aged man with a wife and a family, who is trying to get along in the world. He may be an Elk, a Republican, a Baptist or an atheist. But he is nobody's "tool."

And thus the *Times*:

An attack upon The American Legion which describes that organization as "Fascist and unpatriotic," as "similar" in "stripe" to the Black Legion, and as a "reactionary group" used as a "tool" by the "privileged classes," carries its own rebuttal in the very extravagance of its language and of its allegations. No good purpose is accomplished through the publication of such an attack. . . .

With some of the policies for which The American Legion has stood this newspaper has disagreed emphatically. It was opposed to prepayment of the soldiers' bonus. It believes that an even stronger argument can be made against any step that leads in the direction of a general service pension plan. It has not approved in all cases the action taken by local units of the Legion in such matters as industrial disputes or controversies over the safeguarding of civil liberties. But disagreement on such points as these need not and does not dim admiration for other purposes with which the Legion has been associated. Its deep and continuing interest in those veterans who were actually disabled in the service of their country provides an assurance that these men will not be forgotten or neglected. Its unflagging efforts to cultivate interest in and reverence for American institutions and traditions have made it a stabilizing force of unquestioned sincerity and patriotism.

The American Legion is willing to stand on that.



# Above All — THE CORPS

By Al Thackrah

SOME time after the Armistice and somewhere in France the 28th Division had to put on a review for General Pershing, as a final gesture before returning to America. The time and place meant so little to most of those involved it would be necessary to delve into the records to designate the date and location of this event. The complete lack of interest on the part of the entire group is still a very prevalent memory, and I readily recall my determination never again to have any part in a parade or anything pertaining to one when my service was once finished.

A few years later at a Pennsylvania Department Legion convention I watched the parade. It was almost a repetition of the early days of recruiting. Misfit outfits of every description, and most of the marchers in civvies. The few groups in uniform showed a mixture of naval and army service apparel. The parade itself was nothing but a demonstration of the membership of the Legion, and few paraded for any other reason than that it was supposed to be done. It was anything but a showing to be proud of, and reflected no credit on the Legion or the men who had served.

Some Posts had assembled all the possible buglers and bugles available, and any with the courage to do so carried the drums that could be mustered together. Seventy-five percent of the men who filled the ranks of these first Legion Drum Corps could not blow a note on a bugle or beat a tap on a drum. The result was terrible; but it took the fancy of the men, giving them a chance to turn loose pent-up enthusiasm for freedom from military discipline. The public liked it, and above all—it made the show.

Omit this show and what have you? How many cities in the country would want a Legion convention without it?

There was something about the brazenness of these so-called musicians that

told more of the war than any other feature of the parade. These were the men who were really proud of their service, who wanted to tell the world in a joyous way they were glad to have served. No stripes or other insignia to designate their rank, but an honest display of their military training. The thing that counted most, however, was the willingness to do something that, while reflecting no individual glory, would represent the service men as a whole in a pleasing way.

That was the kind of outfit I had sojourned with and that was the gang I

on the Drum Corps wagon. I realized I was proud of what I had done, and that someone had to keep the American public from thinking the youth of the country who had carried the colors into war were nothing but a bunch of drunken rowdies. I wanted to do my bit again to keep the country proud of its soldiers.

For almost fifteen years most of my spare time has been devoted to doing whatever I could to encourage the ambitions of those who were willing to devote their time to this Legion activity. I never had time to learn to blow a bugle



Countless hours of drill in marching and playing lie back of the Legion drum corps that goes into department and national competition. But it's a great life!

wanted to remain part of. All my oaths and determinations made in France were then and there sidetracked, and I climbed

or beat a drum, but I have got a kick out of my part of the work. We laughed and cried together over our problems and



hardships, but came up smiling with precious memories and friendships that will never fade. I feel we will all grow old gracefully and be better fitted for those days. Today there is no question that if these corps were to go out of existence America, and the Legion particularly, would be sad losers.

From the very beginning of my activity in this work I have listened to the "wet blankets" insist the game could go on for only a few more years at the most. Every year it was the same—but each year the

and we can't afford to let them down. Already many of these young corps have reached an unbelievable state of perfection. They are perfectly willing to bring up the rear as long as we keep showing the way. Give them one indication we are quitting and they will quickly push the real Legionnaire out of the public mind.

For the benefit of corps in other communities the portrayal of conditions in Philadelphia and vicinity will prove illustrative of the rest of the country, and show that steps taken to overcome the

number of these have given up the game and it would be a good thing if they could be brought back to the work.

During this time the field competitions started, and the game that has meant so much to the progress and perfection of the corps created a standard that required constant experimenting and brought innovations.

There has been plenty of criticism regarding the development of these competitive units, and many corps couldn't stand the gaff and disbanded. Frankly



corps got better. To refute this "only a few more years" talk, look at the picture on this page of a veterans of 1898 fife and drum corps in action on May 30th last year. Twenty years before our time, still able to do a good parade, and many more years to go. With only a handful of men to draw from and with a late start they can still do their stuff.

The Legion corps are far ahead of them in showmanship and public appeal. We have accomplished miracles with our music, and our field work is the envy of the best military institutions. The adverse conditions under which this progress has been made are only too well known, and the petty thoughtlessness of those who should be striving to protect these units is an everyday source of discouragement. I still believe if the old spirit is kept alive and the courage to continue is retained, these corps will be held together for many years to come.

Those same misfit outfits of the early days have become the pride of the Legion and the outstanding feature of the big parade of all Legion conventions. Today unnumbered thousands of American boys and girls look to these veteran units to set the standard for the hundreds of junior corps springing up throughout the country. We are their idol and inspiration

AUGUST, 1938

#### **Forty years after San Juan Hill and El Caney this Spanish War veterans' drum corps makes a snappy appearance and gives spectators a thrill**

difficulties of one may prove effective in saving the others.

Ten years ago within the city limits of Philadelphia there were at least ten corps working like beavers to be a credit to their Posts. The old rowdy good-time element was rife and because of it many thousands of dollars were spent on equipment that soon became a total loss through carelessness and abuse. In those days parades were the standard for comparison, and during that period music and straight marching were the points on which prizes were awarded. The indifference of some of the men and their attitude and actions during these parades soon showed up the faults of a corps.

Meantime, the ambitious outfits began to branch out. Discipline was demanded and the present day competitive corps was on its way. No time for clowning and carelessness. Practice became a weekly routine. There are many who were associated with this development whose names should go down in the Legion's roll of honor, for it took brave hearts to overcome the difficulties involved. A

and honestly, with all due respect to every man that ever spent a moment of his time in drum corps work, the outfits that folded up can place the blame on the group within their own ranks that just couldn't take it. A poor loser is a menace to any game, for any fair thinking individual must understand there can be only one winner at a time. When the going became tough the easiest way out was to quit and talk others into doing likewise. I am sorry for the corps they carried along with them—but look at the corps we have today.

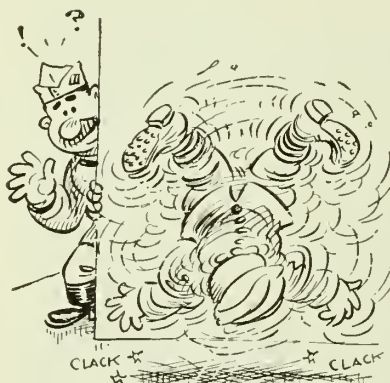
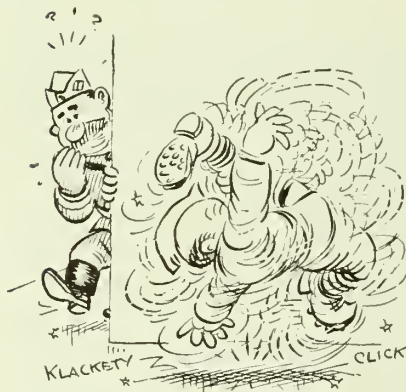
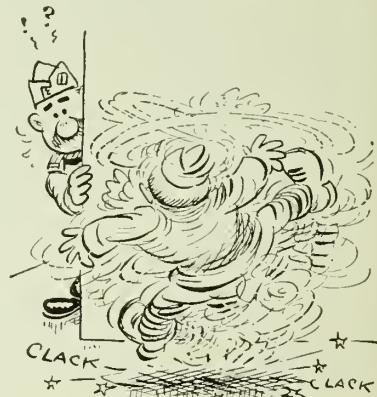
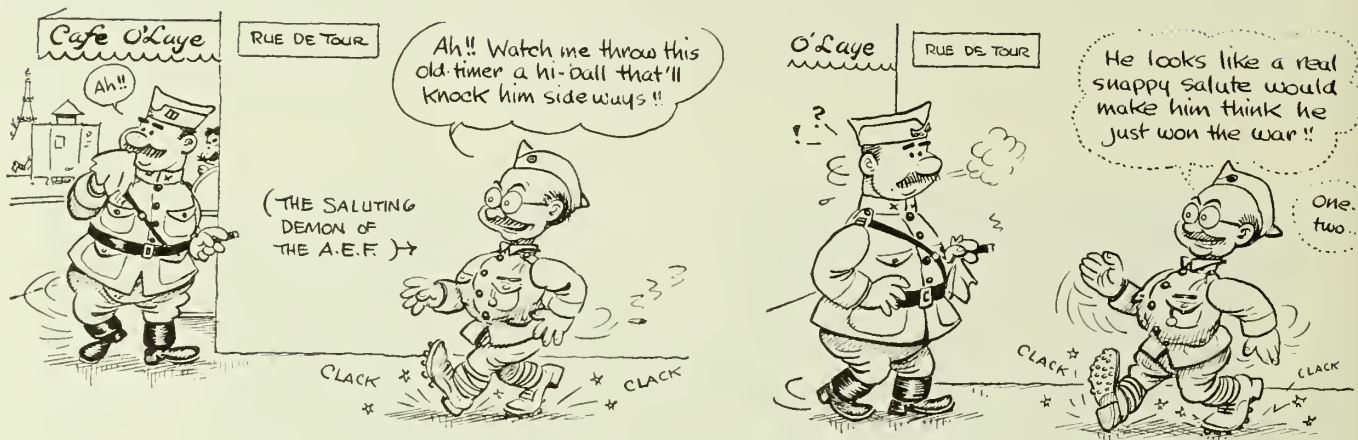
From ten this Philadelphia group has dropped to one competitive corps and four or five units that assemble on special occasions. I can't help but bring in the fact that this one remaining active corps is the Henry H. Houston 2d Post's corps. It was one of the first to organize and has always had a corps of some kind since then. Houston Post's corps has had as many trials and tribulations as those which have disbanded. As late as 1932 it was just a good-time outfit, pushed around and beaten by corps from Posts having a membership one-tenth that of Houston. Many times I have had to deny the false impression that this corps was blessed with unlimited financial backing, and (Continued on page 44)



# SIDEWALK SIDESHOW

*The Demon Adds Another Salute to His Repertoire*

By Wallgren



Thank you!! That was the most remarkable Salute I have ever seen!!



I hope I run into you again Sometime - when I'm with somebody!!



He must be dizzier than I am right now - Mistaking a hob-nail skid "tail-spin" for a Salute!!! - or, did he?? I wonder!!



(NOTE: ICE-SKATING IS EASY COMPARED TO WALKING ON SMOOTH CEMENT SIDEWALKS WITH HOB-NAILS. REMEMBER?)



# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

**E**INAR SORENSON, who played on the Oakland (California) Legion Junior World Championship team, and is now with Waterloo, Iowa, in the Three-I League, tells about a party who was before the judge for having disturbed the entire neighborhood the night before.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the judge, after the charges had been read.

"Well, suh, mister jedge, hit was this here way," the prisoner said. "Me an' Maybellean had a arg'ment. She tole me I was a lazy loafah, an' I slap her down. She hop up kinder mad an' knocks me ovah wid de fryin' pan. Den I riz up an' lam her wid a cheer, and den she grab a kittle o' hot water off de stove and scald me considerable."

"Yes," said the judge. "And then what happened?"

"By dat time, mister jedge, we was sho 'nuff mad an' starts to fight."

**F**ROM Comrade John J. Wicker of Virginia comes another police-court story. A man had asked for a warrant for his wife's arrest.

"For what?" asked the magistrate.

"For desertion," he replied.

"Why, I don't understand," said the judge. "You are living together, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, judge, but she won't support me."

"Won't support you?"

"Yes, sir. And if a man's own wife won't support him, who in the name of Heaven will?"

**C**OMMANDER Melvin E. Mann of Communications Post, Detroit, says that teams from his and another Post were having a bowling contest. Comrade George Revelle brought his wife and four-year-old daughter to see the match.

After watching the sixteen-pound balls zip down the alley and crash into the shiny maple pins, little Frances turned to her mother and asked:

"Are all those bottles down there filled with milk?"

**C**OMRADE A. F. Hitt, of Twin Falls, Idaho, also has a little daughter, who was brought to Boise to see him when he was a patient in the Veterans' Hospital there recently. Included in the visit to Boise were plans to visit the state penitentiary. Mrs. Hitt and the children arrived in Boise early one Sunday morning, some little time before visiting hours at the

hospital. While they were having breakfast in a crowded hotel dining room, the little girl, loud enough to be heard by everyone, impatiently said:

"I wish you would hurry up and eat, so we can go to the penitentiary and see daddy."

**A**CCORDING to Legionnaire Joe Schmidt, of Philadelphia, the representative of an advertising agency handling the account of a dog-biscuit manufacturer called at the home of the grand

down the youngster's pallid face as his weak little hands clenched the bed clothes, he remarked:

"Billy, you are indeed a brave soldier."

From quivering and tightly compressed lips, the little patient muttered:

"Say, doc, what's the idea calling me a soldier? What's the matter with the sailors? My dad was in the Navy!"

**N**ATIONAL Americanism Commission Member Joe Rabinovitch, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, is telling one about the daughter of a very strict man. She had gone to a night club and remained until early morning. When she appeared for breakfast she was greeted with: "Good morning, thou daughter of the devil."

"Good morning, father," she replied respectfully.

**I**T WAS a hot Sunday in July. Some twenty little folk sat on a hard bench, while the hot sun poured through the windows, and the teacher's inexperience added to her heat.

The lesson was about the separation of the sheep from the goats. Using her best imaginative powers, the teacher described vividly the wonders of heaven and the horrors of a hot and burning hell. Frank, aged six, on the front bench, listened enrapt, his eyes growing larger and larger.

"Frank," asked the teacher, "where would you rather go—to heaven or hell?"

"Gee," he said, "I'd like to see 'em both."

**A** MAN had met with an accident and was carried into his home, and a doctor summoned. When he arrived and started to take care of the patient, the

agitated wife asked:

"What's that stuff you're giving my husband?"

"An anesthetic," replied the doctor. "After he has taken it, he won't know anything."

"Then don't give it to him," the wife exclaimed. "He doesn't need it."

**A**CCORDING to Jack Wilson, Legionnaire of Morgantown, West Virginia, a candidate rushing to address a meeting at an election was accosted by a friend.

"What do you think about the political situation now?" the friend asked.

"Don't bother me!" replied the candidate. "I've got to talk. This is no time to think."



prize winner of a promotion contest.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "congratulations! You have won ten thousand dollars in cash, a world cruise, and a pet dog."

"What breed?" asked the successful contestant.

**L**OUIS R. ELDER of Joyce Kilmer Post, Brooklyn, New York, served in France as a doughboy, while his brother Herbert did his bit in the Navy. Naturally there is quite a lot of joshing between the two about which branch of the service won the war. Recently Herbert's five-year-old son had a mastoid operation, and the subsequent dressings were always painful. Once when the doctor noticed the perspiration streaming



# They DRILLED for OIL, But—



**T**HERE is always the gambler's chance in the quest for oil—for oil, like gold, is where you find it.

Every well that is drilled is put down on faith and in hope; faith, like that of the old desert prospector, that the oil is there and hope that the well can be sunk deep enough to tap the pay sand. It is an old, old story in the oil game that time after time the biting drill finds only dust in the bottom of a hole in territory where it seemed almost impossible to miss. And then again, in the veriest wild-cat country, that same string of tools has been tossed derrick high by tremendous pressure released after barely nibbling into the pay stratum. Perhaps it is the uncertainty, like hunting the end of a rainbow, that keeps the wild-catters ever seeking new oil territory, putting down one dry hole after another until hard cash, faith and hope are exhausted. Then, perhaps, a gusher marks a forlorn hope and heralds the opening of a new field. But for each producing well there will be more dry holes.

Of the thousands of wells drilled and abandoned as worthless, but few have been turned to such a splendid purpose as that one put down between Saco and Malta, Montana, about fifteen years ago. There, after an expenditure of thousands of dollars, a group of Northern Montana business men were forced to admit defeat when a gusher of hot water that could not be cased off halted further drilling. Their attempt to bring in an oil well on the famous Bowdoin dome was given up as a bad job. They drilled for oil, but, entirely without intent,



An abandoned well drilled for oil supplies hot water for the pools and plunges at The American Legion Health Pool near Malta, Montana. There one can enjoy ice skating and winter sports and follow up with a bit of swimming



furnished the nucleus for one of the most unique recreational and health centers in the United States.

It was the members of the Saco and Malta Legion Posts, since consolidated as Phillips County (Montana) Post, who had the vision to see in that apparently useless stream of hot water gushing out of the abandoned well the possibility of a popular recreational center. The members of the consolidated Post had the

tenacity to overcome many difficulties and make that vision an accomplished fact. Now, after nearly seven years of operation, and expansion each year, The American Legion Health Pool has become a recreational center for the entire area of Northern Montana, where such facilities for the resident farmers and ranchers are few and far between. Combined with the recreational features, which have attracted visitors from every State and from every Province in Canada, are the medicinal qualities of the hot water. The chemical composition is almost identical with that of the waters of







When winter settles down around one of the attractive cottages at the Legion center. Below, buffalo rock to which the original settlers made offerings



Warm Springs, Georgia, where a nationally sponsored sanitarium for victims of infantile paralysis is maintained.

The story of this fine public service project dates back to 1922, according to Mrs. Gladys R. Costello, historian of the Farm Security Administration, from whose history of the center, in manuscript, this article is taken, when, at a depth of 3,180 feet, the Bowdoin Dome Oil and Gas Company struck a flow of hot water in their well about twenty miles east of Malta, and about four miles from U. S. Route 2. The well flowed nearly 24,000 barrels daily when first drilled in. After being abandoned the water, which registers 108 degrees Fahrenheit, settled down to a normal flow of nearly 14,000 barrels daily.

The abandoned well became a public menace. Ranchers who occasionally swam in the pool near the well head took a chance of being asphyxiated by the gas fumes which rose through the bubbling water. Range stock fell into the pit and drowned. Then some one tossed a lighted match into the pool and a ghostly fire played about over the surface of the water, visible for miles. At times the wind extinguished the flames, but only until another visitor arrived to set the fire running over the steaming water again.

Then, in 1926, an epidemic of infantile paralysis swept Phillips County and Northern Montana. A small son of Albert Davidson was stricken. He was advised that hot water baths would contribute to the improvement of the boy. At once he thought of the great flow of heavily mineralized water going to waste at the



abandoned well just a few miles from his ranch home. The lad was removed to the well site, where Mr. Davidson constructed a wooden tub ten by sixteen feet in size. Almost immediate improvement was noticed in the condition of the boy, and others came to take the cure at the well.

Saco Post of The American Legion became interested in the development of a health center at the well site. The small tub was replaced by a larger one, also constructed of heavy planking, which served an increasing number of visitors and health seekers. From 1927 to 1930 members of Saco Post worked unceasingly to secure permission to use the water and to build a ditch to carry the water from the pool and, finally, to secure an appropriation to shut off the gas flow and control the water. It was not until June, 1930, when, by act of Congress, Saco Post was granted a lease on forty acres of land for

a period of ninety-nine years, and not until March, 1931, that the Secretary of the Interior authorized the expenditure of \$23,000 to carry the flow of natural gas, then estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000 cubic feet per day.

Malta Post was asked to join with Saco Post in the development of the site. Negotiations were carried on by T. F. King, then Commander of Saco Post, and H. L. Lantz, Commander of Malta Post, with the result that in the spring of 1931 the two Posts were consolidated and re-named Phillips County Post. A forty by sixty foot concrete pool was constructed during the summer of 1931 at a cash outlay of \$3,000. Legionnaires donated their time and labor, and the first pool was dedicated by Department Commander Art F. Lamey, of Havre, in October of that year. More than 1,500 persons were present and although it was a crisp fall day many of the visitors enjoyed a swim in the warm water of the pool.

Then two small bath houses were constructed, the small hot pool was enclosed and three single cabins were built. Other improvements were made as the center began to attract more and more people. Then Phillips County Post woke up to the fact that they had envisioned only half the possibilities of their project. But improvements and new buildings cost money. The interest of the Farm Security Administration was sought and through a cooperative agreement with the Federal Department of the Interior the funds needed for further work were made available. Under this agreement the name of the project remained The American Legion Health Pool and the management continued under Phillips County Post, the center to be operated on a non-profit basis.

The original lease of forty acres was increased to 640 and in the fall of 1935 the Legion and the Farm Security Administration started work on the expansion project so long dreamed of. Another pool was constructed, cabins, dressing rooms and toilets were completed, and landscaping and planting was done. In October, 1937, Past Department Commander Art Lamey was called upon to re-dedicate the new American Legion Health Pool.

The completed health and recreational center comprise a group of buildings constructed of native stone. The boulders of red, gray, blue and green blend with a most pleasing effect into the green and gray and browns of the prairie and the blues of the rugged Larb Hills that rise above the Beaver Valley. In using the muted tones of the native rocks and combining them with rustic timbering, a type of architecture ideally suited to the locale was created.

The buildings at the center grouped about two large outdoor bathing pools and a wading pool for the youngsters, include two twenty by forty foot buildings designed as general meeting places or camp headquarters for such groups as



4-H Clubs, Boy Scouts, farm organizations or women's clubs. Flanking the smaller of the two outdoor pools are dressing rooms on the north and an open pavilion on the south. At the upper end of the pool a building houses the steaming hot water where medicinal baths are taken. A group of two and three room apartments and a residence for the manager complete the buildings at the pools. A pergola has been erected by the United States Geological Survey over the hot water gusher, from which the pools are kept constantly filled, and at a short distance from the main group Phillips County Post and its Auxiliary Unit have erected six single and four double cabins, furnishing accommodations for 75 to 100 persons. Several hundred yards from the pools an ice skating rink is maintained for winter sports. Natural gas is available for heating the units and an electric plant provides power for lighting the buildings and grounds.

The beginning of an ethnological museum is being brought together for permanent preservation in a building to be erected later at the center. The region abounds in Indian relics and of the later

of more than two and a half years. They drilled for oil, but created a playground and health resort that will stand as a memorial to Phillips County Post, The American Legion, and to the cooperating agencies.

### All Commanders Present

SANTA ANA (California) Post qualifies as Number Four in the One Hundred Percent Club—all of its twenty Commanders past and present live in Santa Ana and continue active membership in the Post. In addition to keeping all of its own Commanders, the Post boasts the membership of seven Past Commanders who have served other Posts at some time during the past nineteen years. With this number of past gavel wielders the organization of a Past Commanders Club was inescapable; Dr. John Wehrly bosses the club and Arthur Eklund is scrivener.

In the picture presented on this page, the Past are ranged as follows, standing: Charles Van Wyk, Maurice Enderle, M. B. Wellington, Hunter Leach, Bert



ing publicity outlets is one that causes much head scratching and brain wracking. W. W. Wright, Publicity Officer of Benson Post, Omaha, Nebraska, has developed a system for his Post which has solved his problem, and may be adapted to the needs of other Posts. In short, he uses a Tel-U-Gram form sheet for Post bulletins and news releases, upon which the message is mimeographed. An average of 400 Tel-U-Grams are sent out each month from the Post headquarters.

The system is simple, but it is attention arresting. The form is printed in



**The nineteen Past and the present Commander of Santa Ana (California) Post, all living in the town where the Post has its home, and all active members. But few Posts dating from 1919 can present all their Commanders at one sitting**

Vasteix, Charles Swanner, Franklin Grouard, George K. Scoval and Jules Markel. Seated: E. T. McFadden, Rodney Bacon, William Penn, Otto Jacobs, Arthur Eklund, John Wehrly, Wilbur Getty, Franklin West, J. B. Tucker, Allison Honer, and C. M. Featherly.

### Post Publicity Contacts

IN HUNDREDS of the smaller Posts the problem of keeping in close touch with the Post membership and of provid-

blue on regular letter size paper and has all the individuality of the familiar telegraph blank from which it is designed. Names of the Post officers and committee chairmen are ranged down the left margin, the remainder of the sheet left blank for the message. Regularly each month Post announcements, bulletins and promotional and inspirational messages are mimeographed on the Tel-U-Gram forms and sent out to members. Publicist Wright has even arranged his series of bulletins in such way that



frontier period. One object, revered by the Indians of a past and gone age, is a two-ton glacial boulder, crudely carved in the likeness of a sleeping buffalo. This image, to which the Indians made offerings before going on the war-path or to hunt the buffalo, has been placed at the junction of U. S. Route 2 and the road to the plunge. Tourists and motorists have started the custom of placing pennies on the image as a gesture for good luck.

The development of The American Legion Health Pool from a piece of waste land and a stream of hot water has been of three-fold benefit to Northern Montana, and in a more general way to thousands from distant States. Aside from its benefit as a recreational center and health resort, the construction of the new buildings and development of the new center gave needed and useful employment to an average of thirty men over a period



# BENSON POST NO. 112

## THE American Legion

# TEL-U-GRAM

Commander  
J. G. L. MOREHEAD

1st Vice Commander  
H. H. (Doc) COOK

2nd Vice Commander  
CLAUDE

This TEL-U-GRAM brings you information of interest and value in keeping with the fourfold objectives of BENSON POST NO. 112, THE AMERICAN LEGION: Omaha, Nebraska, to serve the individual, the Community, State and Nation.

**Benson Post, of Omaha, Nebraska, has found in the use of a Tel-U-Gram form an answer to their publicity and promotional problem. The boys have something there**

the net cost to his Post is nothing at all; done by inserting a separate page of mimeographed advertisements with the bulletin.

Benson Post's Tel-U-Gram form has proved a splendid publicity and promotional medium in spurring membership drives, attendance at meetings, and in announcing special events. The form makes an eye-catching window display, and has registered strongly with newspaper men and the managers of radio stations. Benson Post's plan is within the reach of every Legion Post, regardless of size. Comrade Wright will be pleased to furnish full details; he can be reached by writing him at 3115 Fontanelle Boulevard, Omaha.

### Memorial Services at Sea

**E**ACH year on Memorial Day—Decoration Day we called it in the years before the World War—nearly every cemetery is visited and garlands of flow-

ers are laid upon the graves. Small flags are used to mark the resting places of the soldier dead. It is a beautiful custom; on that one day of all days in the year we turn our thoughts to those who have passed on—the least we can do is to stand for a moment by the graves and drop a flower as a token of remembrance. Across the length and breadth of the country flag-draped and flower-draped grave-stones give mute evidence of that remembrance.

But what of those who were lost at sea. They have no graves on which to place a fragrant flower. They, too, are remembered, and there are flowers for them. Each year the Navy Department places a war vessel at the disposal of Posts of The American Legion whose membership is made up of men of the Naval and Marine services, for a special observance of Memorial Day and to do

honor to those who found a watery grave. This vessel proceeds several miles out to sea, where the service is held and flowers are cast upon the waters.

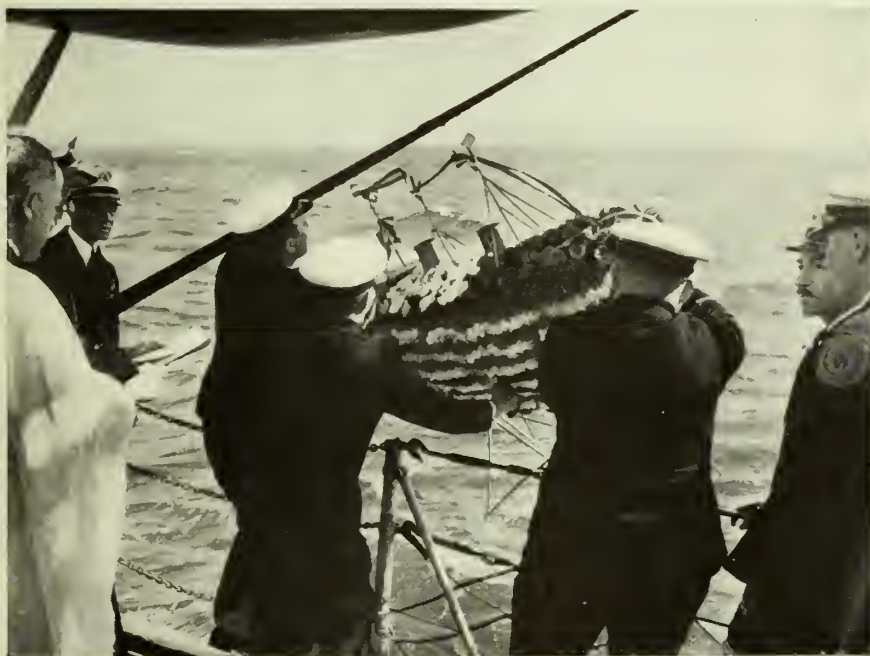
On last Memorial Day, miles out at sea off the coast of California, the U. S. A. T. *Republic* enroute from San Francisco to Brooklyn, paused for a few minutes for a memorial service, at the conclusion of which a wreath provided by C. C. Thomas Navy Post, of San Francisco, was released. Three members of the Post, Captain Carl Olsen, Master; Albert Berry, Chief Officer, and Henry F. Dodd, Master-at-Arms, participated in the service. For several years the memorial wreath has been sent to the *Republic* by Old Glory Naval Post, of Brooklyn, New York; it yielded that honor this year to the San Francisco Post. At the same hour the memorial services were conducted on the *Republic* in the Pacific



Ocean, the U. S. S. *Tattnall* slackened speed some miles out of the New York Harbor for a memorial service conducted by Commander William C. Drewes and 150 members of Old Glory Naval Post, of Brooklyn. At the conclusion of the service a five-foot battleship of tri-colored flowers, fashioned in paper and wire, was lowered over the side of the ship in memory of the dead at sea.

At the same hour, also, on the Pacific Coast the members of C. C. Thomas Naval Post sailed out of the Golden Gate on board the U. S. Destroyer *Henley* for the traditional service, which was conducted under the direction of Commander Charles Galliano, and Past Commander Ward Birdsall as General Chairman. In Los Angeles harbor, the members of Navy Post, of that city, gathered on board the Battleship *West Virginia* to conduct their memorial. A plane circled the vessel and dropped flowers into the sea as the salute to the dead was fired.

Atlanta (Georgia) Post, miles inland, this year for the first time took a part in the observance of the ceremonies in memory of the dead at sea, when it sponsored and sent to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis a seven-foot anchor composed entirely of hand-made poppies. The several hundred poppies required to make the great anchor were fashioned by Miss Moina Michael, of (Continued on page 55)



**A battleship constructed of flowers being lowered over the side of the U. S. S. *Tattnall* by members of Old Glory Naval Post of Brooklyn, New York, as Memorial Day tribute to the dead at sea**



# GEORGES,

## *Where are You?*

BY HOWELL P. FRENCH

I WONDER where Georges Perriot is now?

He may be somewhere in France if he is living and he is 30 years old.

On that July afternoon in 1918, when a troop train loaded with les Américains of the 37th Division from Ohio, bound for the front, pulled into a siding at Dijon, France, Georges Perriot was only ten years old. He had heard for almost four years of his young life about the big war that was going on up there at the front. He had even "served" with the French troops whenever they would let him and he had been around les Anglaises. But les Américains! They looked different from the others—so big and strong and not tired.

Some of the soldiers had hopped off the train to fill their canteens from a pump. Few of us noticed Georges at first but he had made up his mind that we should. He edged his way through the crowd of soldiers about the pump and in his husky little French voice offered his services in filling the canteens. The soldiers did not understand what he had said but they were satisfied with his efforts when he started the pump going vigorously.

Here was an interesting looking little lad. He was bright eyed and smiling. His cheeks were ruddy with health. He wore no hat and his clothes were not much to look at; just the cheap little garments and shoes of a street gamin. But he was clean.

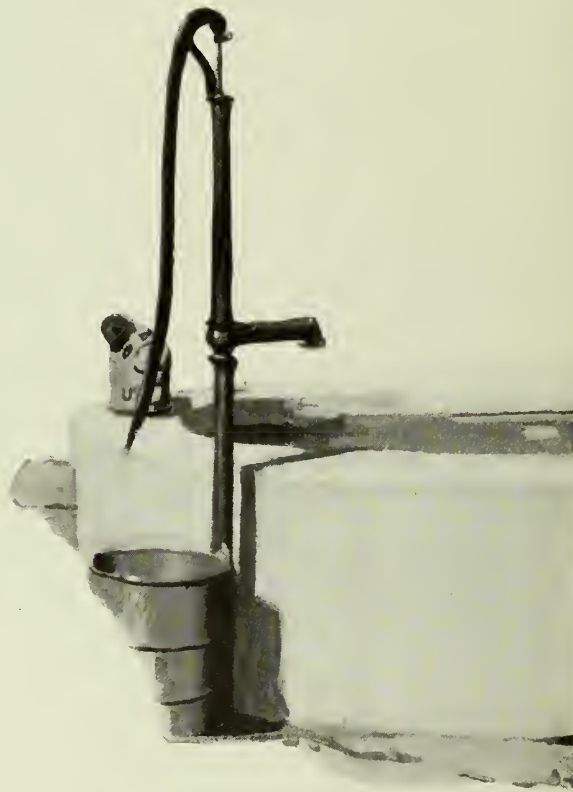
I asked him in a joking spirit if he would like to go along with us. His little face lighted up and in an enthusiastic tone, he replied, "Oh, oui, monsieur!" I suggested he ought to ask his mother or father for permission but he shook his head and assured me that he had no parents. When I questioned him about other clothes he should bring along, he informed me further that he had no other clothes than what he had on. The only thing Georges did have was a tremendous desire to go along with us wherever we might be going. I have never

heard anyone so expressive and pathetic in his pleading as was that little Frenchman of ten.

A boy of ten of any nationality can usually plead his case well but Georges had also the advantage of the moment that the conductor was sounding his funny little horn, signaling the engineer to start the train, and a quick decision had to be made. Georges climbed into one of the compartments of the officers' car and thus became attached to the 112th Field Signal Battalion of the 37th Division. From then on until the Argonne offensive he was our mascot and by virtue of assuming responsibility for his well being, I then became his "papa."

There were several things of vital importance to the well being of Georges Perriot when he boarded that train at Dijon. While his color was good there were unmistakable signs of malnutrition in his undernourished little body. But his appetite was excellent and by putting him on the regular rations of the soldier, with plenty of white bread, beefsteak, and lots of butter and eggs that we purchased from the peasants, it was not long before he began putting on weight.

In addition to food Georges also needed clothes and shoes. A little cutting down, and cutting over, basting up and sewing, provided Georges with a real American uniform and wrap leggings. That uniform was the pride of the battalion. The only discordant note in the ensemble was the color of the shoes. Georges was not shod for a soldier's life when he came with us. Try as we



might, we could not find a pair of shoes small enough for him in Uncle Sam's issue of footwear. He was finally equipped with the best pair of high, black child's-shoes that the only store in Bourmont could supply. The proprietress of that store was a puzzled woman. Here was a little French boy, certainly not one of the local children, being chaperoned and outfitted by some of the soldiers of that American Division that had just moved into town. She shrugged her shoulders and murmured, "C'est la guerre, n'est-ce pas, monsieur?"

Here at Bourmont, near General Pershing's headquarters, we now had on our hands a boy of ten, who had arrived in this zone of combat within twenty-four hours after he had joined us, and we



# DIJON



He had no parents, he said, and nobody would object if he went along with the Americans

moved into the front lines exactly two weeks later. He was experiencing the thrills as well as hardships of life that few boys of his age have ever known. It was the 26th of July, 1918 when Georges arrived on the Lorraine front in the Bacarat Sector of the Sixth French Army Corps. Fifteen days previously he had been pumping water for the soldiers at Dijon. In all the four years of war up to that time, Georges Perriot had never found himself so near the Boche as he was then, at the headquarters of an infantry regiment holding the front lines. His sharp eyes, his little brain and his

active body were absorbing rapidly the happenings of a big moment in his life, and I doubt if Georges realized what it was all about.

It was evident from the first that like any "rookie" soldier, Georges would have to be turned over to one of the veterans to take him in hand and look out for his welfare. I put him in the hands of my "dog robber" or orderly who bore the nickname of "Tubby." He had acquired that name due to his physical resemblance to a tub. Fate had made "Tubby" a soldier, for nothing else could have, but he was a perfect "nurse" for Georges. Neither one of them spoke the other's language but they managed to get along perfectly.

Georges and "Tubby" occupied quar-

ters in a barn with the soldiers and each morning after breakfast the two would come to my quarters for an inspection of Georges. His hair would be brushed and his face shone from the effects of liberal use of soap and water. He had excellent teeth and the use of the tooth brush was part of that morning ritual supervised by "Tubby." At these morning meetings Georges would tell me in voluble terms all about what he had been doing the day before. His chief interest was to ride with one of the truck drivers to the supply dumps. "Tubby," with a worried look on his face, would listen uneasily to the stream of French, not a bit of which he understood, and after it was over then he would proceed to tell me how much worry his young charge had caused him. Georges took special delight in slipping away from "Tubby" whenever he could, to go off on a truck, or to wander up nearer the front to visit with our signal detachment at battalion headquarters. He liked it up there because that position was shelled once (Continued on page 48)

*Illustration by*

KENNETH F. CAMP

AUGUST, 1938



# PATROLMEN *of the* DEPTHS

**D**OWN to the sea in ships—that was the ambition, at least, of all the lads who donned the bell-bottomed trousers during the World War, though many thousands of them had to be content with shore duty, with long delays in Training Stations, and with onerous tasks at places other than on the bounding main. There was one exclusive group of gobs, however, who went that time-honored nautical phrase of “Down to the sea in ships” one—or two or three—better. They went down *into* the sea in helmets.

No doubt there are among ex-gobs plenty of men who didn't know that while they were patrolling decks of ships, some few of their shipmates were patrolling the bottom of the ocean. Having been a



**Steel helmets replaced flats as prescribed headgear at the Navy's school for deep sea divers. Above, about to submerge; at left, three of the students with diving gear**

City, New York, whose home is at 254 Main Street in that city, enlightened us and substantiated his story by sending along a couple of snapshots which we make available for your inspection.

“Will you please insert in your Then and Now Department of The American Legion Magazine the announcement of a proposed reunion of Deep Sea Divers?”—just as matter of fact as that came the request from Comrade Mungle. We gulped once or twice and then dispatched post haste a letter to Mungle asking him to elucidate. The pictures were soon forthcoming with this recital:

“I am very glad to tell you about the Deep Sea Diving

School at Marine Basin, Brooklyn, New York, and as proof that there was such a thing in the wartime Navy, I enclose a couple of snapshots taken while there.

“The Diving School at Marine Basin was one of three such schools conducted by the Navy Department during the World War. I believe the other two were at Newport, Rhode Island, and Bremerton, Washington.

“The men who received this training were chosen from volunteers for this type of service. After passing a rigid medical examination, we were given ten weeks of intensive training. We started diving in twenty feet of water. The depth of the dives was gradually increased until we were able to go down to 120 feet. At that required depth we qualified as Deep Sea Divers.

“We received training also in the construction of marine railways, the repair of the under-water parts of ships, the recovery of unexploded depth charges and torpedoes, in fact, nearly every type of work that needs to be done under water. The men who qualified were given a petty officers' rating next above the rating previously held and were entitled to extra pay of \$1.20 an hour while under water.

“Our commanding



terra firma foot soldier myself, we certainly didn't suspect any such unusual service in the Navy, until J. Herbert Mungle of F. A. Johnson Post in Johnson



officer at the school was Lieutenant Frank Meier, U. S. N., who was affectionately known to the boys as the 'Boss.' Lieutenant Meier came up from the ranks in the Navy, having served as an enlisted man during the Spanish-American War. He is still in the diving business and resides at 3-41 127th Street, College Point, New York.

"The pictures enclosed were taken at the school while I was there. One of them shows a student going over the side ready to submerge, while the other shows shipmate O'Connell in diver's uniform, Queenan with the helmet, with me hovering over them. In all, 104 men trained in our school during the war and I am trying to get as many of the old gang together as possible for a reunion during the New York Department Convention of the Legion that is to be held in Endicott, New York, August 11th, 12th and 13th. While I sent out letters to all of them at their old wartime addresses, many of the letters have been returned. I hope I hear from them or, better still, that most of them show up for the reunion."

Probably one reason for our entire lack of knowledge of deep sea divers is that the collection of Navy books in our reference library gives scant mention to

1918 under the head "Other Naval Schools on Shore," we find this: "At New London (Connecticut) is a ship salvage organization officered by professionals in this line of work, at which men are trained and organized into salvage crews. This is in itself a training school for a wide variety of trades, including diving and the handling of high explosives." In a general list of special training schools is this item: "Divers, Naval torpedo station, Newport;

section base at Bensonhurst, Long Island," which last, no doubt, is the Marine Basin referred to by Comrade Mungle.



occurred, naturally he said the Marines had gathered up these German sailors and had confined them in Schofield Barracks.

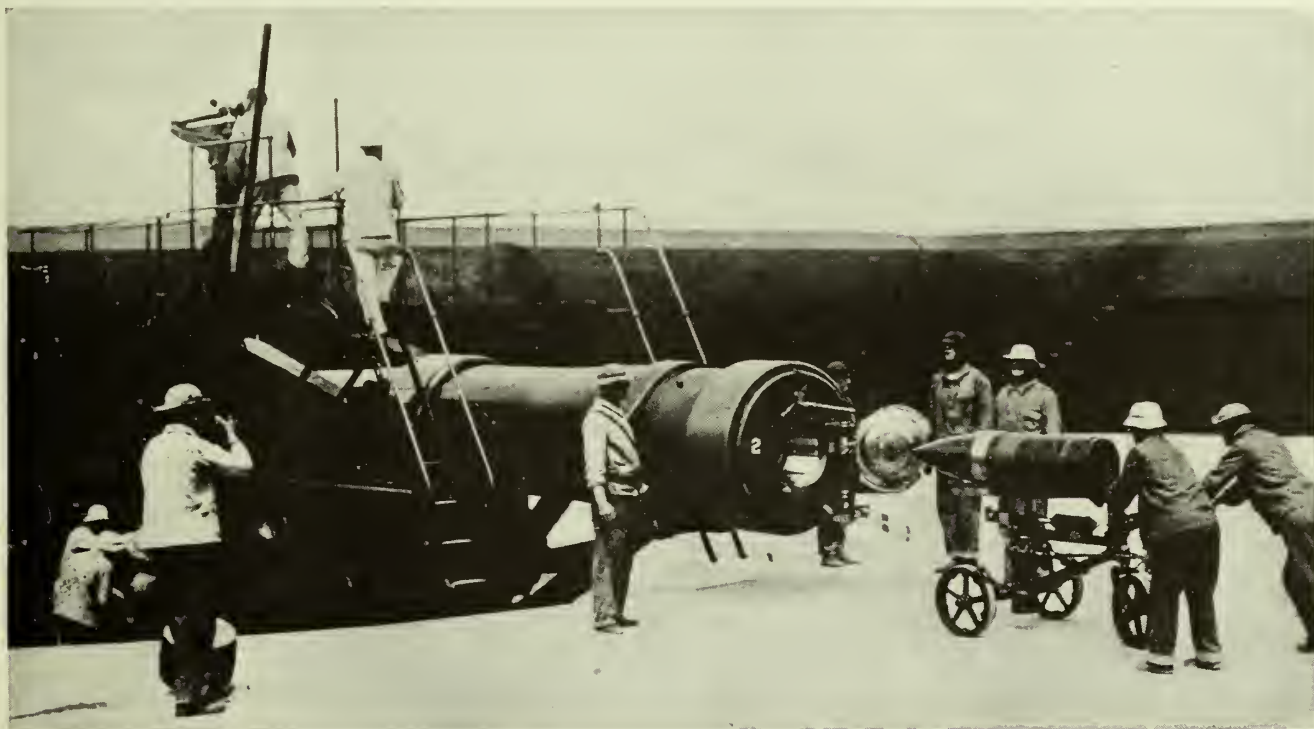
Well, from letters that Comrade Rhinehart and the Company Clerk received



besides the Marine Corps were represented at the time and that the Company Clerk pulled a boner in suggesting that Honolulu is on Pearl Harbor. First to sound off was J. B. Segnor of Fleming, Jackson, Seever Post in Atchison, Kansas—in this wise:

"Rhinehart states his outfit took the German boys from aboard their boats. Well, the Marines helped (one company of 'em), but from the enclosed picture you will notice the uniforms of the 'conquering heroes' are not those of the Marine Corps but of men of the Regular Army—the Second Company, C. A. C., which was stationed at Oahu, Hawaii, and of which I was Company Clerk. I was with a chatter-gun crew on a coal pile across the street from the pier . . . Furthermore, this seizure of the German ships was not on April 6th or 7th, when war was declared, but on February 4, 1917, when our country severed diplomatic relations with Germany. There was only one German war vessel—the *Geier*, a cruiser—the other two being supply ships, the *Pomeran* and *Homberg* . . ."

Then came a letter from A. J. Cox, head of the Commercial Department of



Guarding the entrance to Pearl Harbor, Fort Kamahameha on Queen Emma Point, Oahu, is headquarters of the Harbor Defenses. What C.A.C. outfit during the World War period manned the disappearing rifle shown above?

this unusual service. In the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy for

AUGUST, 1938

after that issue was distributed, it appears that some other branches of service

the William Horlick High School, Racine, Wisconsin, and member of Racine Post.



Wish we could let you read all of his letter as it's full of interesting facts, but here's part of it:

"First for the Company Clerk: I was surprised to learn that Honolulu was situated on Pearl Harbor. They must have moved the city since I was in Hawaii with the Coast Artillery at Fort Armstrong at the entrance to Honolulu Harbor, for then there were quite a few wet salty miles between the two places, and still more miles if you went by land. . . .

"When I arrived in Honolulu in October, 1916, there were several German merchant ships interned there, but only one 'warship,' the obsolete cruiser *Geier*.

Incidentally, she did not come into Honolulu (not Pearl) Harbor for a friendly stop but came in on the run, just a step ahead of a Japanese cruiser which was heaving shells in an earnest but vain effort to stop her.

"Now for Comrade Rhinehart: Second Division buddies have warned me of the Leathernecks' claiming ways, but this is the first instance I have run across. Did Rhinehart mention seeing any red hats? The Coast Artillery companies from Forts Armstrong, Ruger, and De-Russy 'had the situation well in hand' before the Marines arrived. . . .

"I was one of a party that boarded the big *Pommern* that was tied alongside the pier shed, and the smaller *Locksun* tied to her. The *Geier* lay beyond the *Locksun*, tied to the next pier, so I had a good chance to see the thing described in your article. . . . [Ed. note: Segnor and Cox don't agree on the vessels' names, although they agree on their types.]

"Oh, yes, I must also claim Schofield Barracks for the Army. It was a brigade post; I remember the 1st and 9th Field Artillery and the 25th and 32d Infantry among the outfits there at the time we are discussing. Don't know how the Marines happened to be doing guard duty there, but I do know that Coast Artillery companies from Fort Kamehameha were sent to Pearl Harbor for guard duty. . . .

"Well, I have gone on to a great length here, but it is a lot of fun to recall those old days in the Paradise of the Pacific."



**Four stars on an O. D. car on the roads of France meant just one thing—the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. was approaching. This snapshot of General Pershing's car was found in a Red Cross hut in Paris. Who are the Y girls, chauffeur and others in the group?**

Then Edmund L. Ellsworth, Sr., of Rural Route No. 1, Phillips, Maine, steps up to report that as a member of Company D, 32d Infantry, he helped guard 180 of the German prisoners in September, 1917, all the way from Honolulu to Fort Douglas, Utah.

Another interesting letter that Rhinehart received came from Dr. Hugh Scott, Manager of the Veterans Administration Facility at Hines, Illinois, who reported that he too was in the Islands at the time as Assistant Coast Defense Surgeon stationed at Fort Kamehameha; and also letters from former comrades in the Marines, Brian B. Joslyn of Collegeville, Pennsylvania, and C. E. Morris, of Kukui, Kaunakakai, Hawaii, Vice Commander of the Department of Hawaii of the Legion, and owner of several theaters on Molokai—the latter expressing the hope of attending the Legion National Convention in Los Angeles in September.

Well, Comrade Rhinehart and the Company Clerk accepted the corrections offered. And now all of the fellows who served in the Hawaiian Department during the war will have an opportunity of getting together soon—Infantry, Artillery, Coast Artillery, Marines and what have you—and talking over those old days. From four sources came suggestions of a reunion during the Legion National Convention in Los

Angeles, of veterans of Hawaiian service—from G. F. Sanders of Wheeling, Missouri, who served with the 6th Company, C. A. C. and also with Ambulance Company No. 9; from Harry I. Condon of 346 Claremont Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey, ex-1st and 9th Field Artillery man; from M. Harris, Box 16, Bishop, California, ex-9th Field Artillery; and finally from John L. McPherson, Community Post (Culver City, California) who lives at 3664 Hughes Avenue, Los Angeles, who has been appointed Chairman of the Hawaiian Department Veterans Reunion. McPherson reports:

"The Hawaiian Department veterans will have a reunion and a real luau, with poi, okolehau, Hawaiian hula dancers and everything during the Legion National Convention, September 19th to 22d, in Los Angeles."

So you veterans who served in the Crossroads of the Pacific had better write to McPherson and tell him you'll join the old gang.

Legionnaire G. F. Sanders can be thanked for the picture of the gun emplacement with the disappearing rifle at Fort Kamehameha, Hawaii, which you will find on the preceding page. Anyone recognize this particular crew?

**A**NXIOUS weeks were spent by veterans of the World War last spring when their old Commander-in-Chief was engaged in battle with the enemy of all mankind—illness. When the retired General of the Armies emerged victorious,

there was happiness throughout veteran ranks. During that period, it was natural that when two or more men who served under John Pershing in the A. E. F. gathered, anecdotes regarding him would be recited. We recalled that at the Legion National Convention in New Orleans in 1922, the General—who was honored by the Legion in New York last fall with the rank of (Continued on page 60)





# Eye Witness

(Continued from page 7)

had a pair of handcuffs right here. He'd slip them on Gill now and explain afterward. He had his hand in his hip pocket, touching the steel, when McCain's attorney stepped forward. There was a hard little gully between his eyes. It deepened, and he spoke curtly, almost as if he were questioning a witness in court.

"You have a search warrant, officer? May I see it?"

"I don't need one, sir."

"Don't try to tell me the fundamentals of the law, officer. I'm here to protect Mr. McCain's interests. Since you've seen fit to come on his property without authority—"

"Oh, pshaw, Oliver," McCain interrupted. His voice was conciliatory. "I realize that this officer has overstepped his authority, but I don't hold that against him. On the contrary he's to be congratulated on being so alert. Why get excited?"

"I'm not excited," Oliver replied. "I'm merely telling him to get off 250 Lodge."

"Not till he's had a drink," McCain persisted. "Where is the drink, Steve?"

Flaxner had it. He was coming from the table with a glass in each hand. He stopped in front of Charley Gill first and held out one glass, spilling it a little, and said, "How 'bout a little drink, my boy?"

Gill did not want a drink, either. "One side," he growled, and looked more ill at ease than ever. "Leave me alone!"

Flaxner blinked. "Don't need to get mad," he protested, and to himself muttered, "Don't like that guy! Nuts to him!"

He turned, but Oliver intercepted him. "Here's the man that needs the drink, Steve," the attorney said, suddenly pleasant, and he took Cobb's elbow.

Cobb jerked away. He had sensed, rather than seen, the quick movement behind him. Charley Gill was ducking past the others. Before Cobb could move, he was disappearing into the deeper shadows at the other end of the verandah.

Flaxner's glass dropped, smashing, to the floor. Cobb turned and ran, too. At the edge of the darkness he halted, trying to see which way the surly little man had gone. The verandah surrounded three sides of the house, with three doors leading to high steps descending to the

sand. This wing of the porch was unlighted. Had Gill slipped outside or into the interior of the house?

There was uproar on the porch. The woman was screaming and McCain crying, "What ails Gill? What's happened to him? Oliver, stop him! You, Gill!"

Cobb hesitated for a moment. Then the screen door at the other end of the porch slammed and he saw Slats Clark and Oliver, the attorney, getting into each other's way as they lunged down the high steps, and McCain plunging toward him at an uneven lope. Only Edythe Estrella still was standing beside the table, her hands at her throat.

"He went this way!" McCain was shouting. "Stop him, officer! Head him off, Slats!"

His white coat flew out behind him as he hurried through the screen door on Cobb's left, and Cobb thought, "Somebody wants to get me outside the house. Somebody's trying to steer me wrong . . . that means he's still inside . . ."

He turned. An open door led from the porch into a lofty room with shaded lights and heavy hand-wrought furniture, that might or might not be of mission ancestry. Cobb crossed the floor toward a passage on the other side, kicking up, as he ran, the big Indian blanket that served as a rug. A Chinese houseboy in a white silk jacket was imperturbably stacking dishes on a tray at the center table. He did not look up as Cobb dashed past.

The passage was narrow and dimly lighted. It led to a stairway, going down, and at the bottom Cobb hesitated again. This lodge, he saw, was built in the style of many new desert houses, with the sleeping quarters below the high living room, as far as possible from the hot roof. A hallway stretched the length of this lower floor, and at the end of it, bright lights shone down on the green cloth of a billiard table.

Running toward it, Cobb passed five open bedroom doors. A bedlight illuminated, dimly, each room; in each, the beds were turned down ready for occupancy and two casement windows stood open to copper screens. Gill could be hiding in any one of these rooms. Cobb slowed at the last door. Should he pause and search them now, or was that a sound at the end of the passage?

He dashed toward the game room. The billiard table stood in the middle of the floor. Another table, nearby, held a roulette wheel. There were a half dozen deep chairs and gaudy Mexican ash stands, and on one wall, above a long low seat, hung a rack of sporting arms, protected by panes of glass from desert dust.

Of the three windows, all in the north wall, two were closed, with heavy shades drawn tightly over them to keep out the sun. The third stood open. Through it, Cobb could hear McCain's big voice somewhere in the distance, still shouting for Slats, still calling determinedly upon Gill to halt and return.

The copper screen on this open window had been held in place by four small hooks, fastened to the sides of the frame. Three of these were unlatched, Cobb saw, and the screen, still caught at an angle by the fourth hook, was moving slightly backward and forward like a dying pendulum.

It was the snapping of these hooks he had heard. Had there been time for little Gill to escape through the window in this brief interval or was he still in the room?

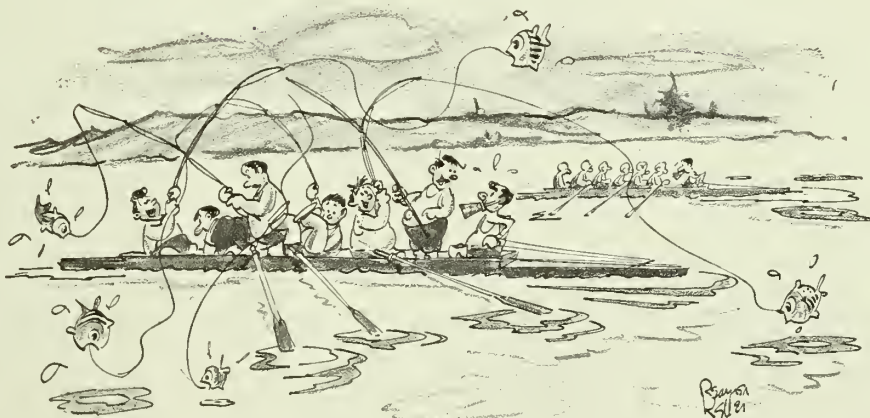
Cobb reached for his holster, concealed beneath the broad waist band of his khaki trousers. From the doorway his eyes searched the room. There was only one place Gill could be hiding, if he remained inside; that was on the floor behind the billiard table.

"Stand up, Gill," Cobb ordered. "Come out of there with your hands in the air. I'm not monkeying. If you try any tricks, I'll shoot you."

He heard a scuffle on the floor and two pudgy hands protruded, palms forward, beyond the opposite green cushion of the table.

Gill's face, appearing, was surly, but he seemed more at ease facing the pistol than he had been upstairs on McCain's pretentious verandah. He even grinned, one-sidedly.

"All right, cop," (Cont. on page 34)



"What! Pass up a day when they're biting like this? ! !"



# Eye Witness

(Continued from page 33)

he said. "I know how to act with you. What next?"

"You're coming with me," Cobb answered. "That's next."

"Says you." Gill wet his lips. "I'd be a sap to let you take me. Why pick on me, with all that crowd of phonies running loose?" He jerked his chin upward toward the porch.

"I'll take care of anybody that needs taking care of," Cobb answered. "Later." But Gill shot back:

"Later's too late. I know it's a plant, soon as I see you come up them steps behind me. A plant, or else they wouldn't 've sent for me!"

"They sent for you?" Cobb tried to stare him into answer. Was he lying or telling the truth? You couldn't tell from his face. Listening, however, the inspector realized that the hue and cry outside had quieted. A moment ago Oliver and Clark and Danny McCain all were shouting fruitlessly. Now only the woman's voice was lifted.

She cried, "Slats, darling! Where are you, Slats? Danny, come here at once!"

No one answered her. For a moment the immense silence of the empty desert drifted through the window and seemed to pack itself tightly into the room. The smell of salt came in with it, and the faint sound of water, swishing up the flat slant of the beach, swishing back. Cobb, walking forward said, "Turn around, Gill. Stand still while I shake you down."

His prisoner made no move to obey. Instead he countered, "Listen, cop," and the defiance with which he had refused Flaxner's drink came back to his voice. "I don't like squealers, any more'n I do cops. But I ain't goin' to be the fall guy, either, understand that? Leave me go and I'll talk plenty. Plenty," he repeated, and took a step toward the open window.

"No tricks, Page," Cobb warned. "You can talk in El Centro jail on your way back to New York."

The man's mouth puckered at the name Page. "You know all the answers, don't you?"

"Enough of 'em to get along," Cobb replied. "Think we're so far away here we never hear who's missing back East?"

"Listen, then," the other said confidentially, and he edged forward. "You know who I am, all right. Little Joe Page, and I don't say I ain't. Proud of it. I'm not the only guy you want, though."

Cobb did not deny it.

"All right," the other agreed, his hands

still in the air, "it's my turn to talk. If anybody thinks he can squeal on me, well—" he did not finish the sentence.

Something had startled him. His eyes darted from Cobb's face to the oblong of darkness beyond the window. Cobb heard it, too, a slight rustling sound outside like a dried stem of chamiso broken under foot.

"Somebody with big ears," Gill mut-



**"I wish you would bring your gun out to our house. There's a rabbit that's eating all our vegetables."**

tered. "Let 'em listen. If they can blat, I can, too. Sure I been smuggling! What else'd a fellow do down here? Wouldn't ever've been caught, though, if the boss hadn't sent this." He dropped one fat hand and was fumbling in the pocket of his shirt when Cobb warned:

"Keep 'em up!"

Gill's hand darted back quickly to place above his head, but his eyes shifted again to the window and he was squinting in that direction when the shot roared through the room.

It came from out of doors. Cobb backed a step. He smelled powder. Had he seen the flash of a gun, held close to the window? Turning from the window he looked at Gill.

The grin tightened on Gill's mouth, as if a drawstring had been jerked through the lips. His eyes popped open wider and the expression, of astonishment chiefly, seemed to freeze. Then slowly his hands dropped from above his head. His chin fell loosely to his chest and his whole small body bent and he collapsed to his

elbows. They, too, gave way and he slid out, full length, face downward on the polished floor.

For a second Cobb did not move. His ears functioned first. They still were roaring with the concussion of the gun when they began once more to pick up other sounds. He heard a woman's voice scream, apparently a long way off. Then, close at hand, just outside the window, once more the brittle sound of a dry stalk breaking. Belatedly he realized that he stood clearly in the light, an easy target, and he dropped behind the billiard table and still gripping the pistol, crawled around the table's end and reached up and slapped shut the casement window, turned its lock and snatched down the heavy shade.

Then only did he take time to look at Little Joe Page, known down here in the Salton Sink as Charley Gill. The chief wanted him brought in, did he? Well, he'd have him, this trip. Cobb dropped to his knees beside the small slack figure.

"Joe!" he said urgently. "Listen to me, Joe!"

He must know what name the little racketeer had been about to utter, must discover which of these others upstairs had something so important to hide that he or she would use a bullet to hide it.

"Listen!" Cobb repeated, but Page was past listening. He continued to lie there, terribly inert, his arms flung out, one hand limp

across the edge of the thick blue rug.

Cobb lifted the man's shoulders and turning him carefully, laid him down on his back upon the rug. The bullet had entered the side of his neck and the wound bled slightly, so that the blood made a dark patch on the collar of his shirt.

The pocket into which he had wanted to reach was on the left side, just above his heart. Cobb felt quickly into it. A small wad of folded paper and a cloth tobacco sack, half empty, were all that it contained. Cobb took them both and stuffed them into his own pocket.

Outside, the tight frightened voice of Edythe Estrella was crying, "Danny! Danny! Come here quick! Where are you, Danny darling? Slats! Come, Slats!"

Feet pounded the lower corridor. Cobb stood up, with his pistol still ready in his hand. A face had appeared in the door. He did not recognize it immediately. For all the color had drained out of Steve Flaxner.

"What's up?" he demanded.

(To be concluded)



# 20 YEARS AGO

## AUGUST 1, 1918



*On the line of the Ourcq vigorous local actions, arising from attacks made by our troops and counter-attacks launched by the enemy, have occurred at several points. We have taken the village of Cierges and advanced beyond it.*

*The situation in this vicinity is otherwise unchanged. (The official American communiqué, printed in italics, regularly introduces each daily summary in this calendar.)*

Eighty-Third Division begins to function as Second Depot Division.

All United States wire systems are put under control of Federal Government as a war measure as telegraphers threaten strike.

American shipbuilding records broken during July, Washington announces, with 123 ships of 631,944 tons launched; total tonnage launched since January 1st is 1,719,536.

## AUGUST 2

*Yesterday on the line of the Ourcq our troops in hard fighting captured Hill 230 south of Coulonges and the woods east of the hill. This morning the enemy, relinquishing his efforts to stop our advance, commenced to fall back with our troops in close pursuit. The fire of our artillery has interrupted his communications and he is attempting to destroy large quantities of material. Our advance which has already progressed to a depth of five miles continues. Last night our aviators successfully bombed the railroad station and yards at Conflans. Numerous hits were made causing several fires and one large explosion. All of our machines returned.*

French retake Soissons.

Thirty-Sixth Division, less artillery, moves to Bar-sur-Aube training area.

Maxim Gorky, noted Russian author, has been arrested by an investigating committee of the Bolshevik government, Copenhagen dispatch says.

Alien Property Custodian A. Mitchell Palmer has property worth half a billion dollars in his care, of which he has invested \$42,970,027 in Liberty Bonds, Washington reports.



Six mail airplanes are tested at Elizabeth, New Jersey, by Standard Aircraft Company, which plans delivery to the

Government next week.

## AUGUST 3

*The full fruits of the victory in the counter-offensive begun so gloriously by Franco-American troops on July 18 were reaped today when the enemy, who met his second great defeat on the Marne, was driven in confusion beyond the line of the Vesle. The enemy, in spite of suffering the severest losses, has proved incapable of stemming the onslaught of our troops fighting for liberty side by side with French, British and Italian veterans. In the course of the operations, 8,400 prisoners and 133 guns have been captured by our men alone.*

Fourth Division, with enemy in retreat between the Ourcq and the Vesle, passes through lines of Forty-Second Division in pursuit, establishing line northeast of Chéry-Chartreuve; Twenty-Eighth Division, in

corps reserve, follows advance of Thirty-Second toward Vesle.

Eighty-Fifth Division headquarters arrives in England.

Eighty-Ninth Division, less artillery, moves to area of French Eighth Army near Toul; Seventy-Sixth Division is reorganized as Third Depot Division.

Transfer of about one-hundred officers and 5000 men of the Eighth Division, at Camp Fremont, California, to Siberian Expeditionary Force is ordered.

## AUGUST 4

*Our troops have taken Fismes by assault and hold the south bank of the Vesle in this sector.*

Thirty-Seventh Division relieves Seventy-Second in Baccarat sector.

French government issues call for youths of eighteen to join colors.



United States and Japan each will send "a few thousand men" to occupy Vladivostok and protect the rear of the westward-moving Czechoslovak army, Washington advises.

Seven hundred German soldiers killed in explosion at Kiev as part of terrorist campaign of Bolsheviks, Copenhagen correspondent cables. Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, noted English suffragette, declares in Boston Common mass meeting that every strike of workers in Allied countries strengthens the hands of the Kaiser.

## AUGUST 5

*On the line of the Vesle brisk artillery fighting is in progress. On August 3 our aviators shot down four hostile airplanes.*

Second Division begins relief of French 64th Division in Marbache sector.

Zeppelins fail in raid on east coast of England, one being brought down, another damaged, and a third driven off.

Quisconck, first vessel to be built at Hog Island, Philadelphia, is launched in presence of President Wilson, with Mrs. Wilson serving as sponsor.

Moscow advices report that three Russian grand dukes, one of them Nicholas Nicholaievitch, former commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, have been executed by the Bolsheviks.

Drastic surtaxes on large incomes planned by the Administration, ranging from 55 percent on incomes above \$200,000 to 75 percent on those above \$5,000,000.

## AUGUST 6

*In the sector held by our troops along the Vesle the day was marked by heavy artillery and machine-gun fire.*

Ferdinand Foch, generalissimo of the Allied Armies, is made a Marshal of France. Council of Ministers confers Médaille Militaire on General Petain, commander-in-chief of the French forces.

Forty-eight members of Woman's Party demonstrating for women's suffrage are bundled into police patrols after massing at statue of Lafayette opposite White House in Washington.

Austrian Army badly demoralized by desertion of a million Czechoslovaks and other Slavs, 80,000 of whom are living unmolested in Vienna, says news dispatch.

John K. Tener, former Governor of Penn-

sylvania, resigns as President of the National Baseball League.

## AUGUST 7

*East of Bazoches our troops have crossed the Vesle and gained the Rheims-Soissons highway. Hostile counter-attacks broke down under our fire.*

Twenty-Eighth Division relieves Thirty-Second along Vesle, latter passing to corps reserve and to station between Dravegny and Cierges; First Division takes over Saizerais sector from French Second Moroccan Division.

Diamond Shoal Lightship, off Cape Hatteras, is sunk by German submarine.

Major General William G. Graves will command American force in Siberia, nucleus of which is two regiments of Regulars from the Philippines, General March, Chief of Staff, declares at Washington.

Spanish influenza is raging in Belgium, with thousands of cases reported. Percentage of deaths is very high, due to weakened state of inhabitants. Cardinal Mercier, who had been seriously ill with the disease, is convalescing.

## AUGUST 8

*North of the Vesle there were local combats resulting in a gain of ground for our troops.*

British and French troops attack on 25-mile front south of Albert, in Somme area, and score impressive gains; units of American Eightieth Division participate.

Spanish foreign office announces it has sent another note to Germany protesting against the torpedoing of Spanish ships.

Fewer than 10,000 American troops, with an equal number of Japanese, will be in the Allied Siberian military expedition, Washington discloses; strength of force will not be above 25,000 men.

## AUGUST 9

*Along the Vesle the situation is unchanged.*

Twenty-Ninth Division takes command of recently-created Center Sector, Alsace, astride Rhine-Rhone Canal.

First battalion of 330th Infantry, 310th Engineers, 337th Ambulance Company, and 337th Field Hospital are detached from Eighty-Fifth Division and designated as the American Expeditionary Forces, North Russia.

British advance whole front in Lys sector; Allies progress five miles more east of Amiens in Albert area.

## AUGUST 10

*There is nothing of importance to report from the sectors occupied by our troops.*

Eighty-Ninth Division relieves Eighty-Second in Lucey sector, latter Division moving to vicinity of Toul.



Allied advance in north sweeps on; French recapture Montdidier; 131st Infantry, Thirty-Third Division, attached to British 58th Division, takes part in attack between Somme and Ancre Rivers and clears Chipilly Ridge and Gressaire Wood.

German submarine makes gas attack on Smith Island Lighthouse, off North Carolina coast, and lighthouse crew is overcome; fleet of thirty fishing vessels attacked off Nantucket, ten sunk.



## AUGUST 11

*Aside from the usual artillery activity along the Vesle, the day passed quietly in the sectors occupied by our troops.*

Seventy-Seventh Division relieves Fourth Division (except for its artillery, which remains in line) and part of French 62d Division along Vesle; Fourth moves to Rimau-court training area; Eighty-Fifth Division, designated Fourth Depot Division, moves to area of Pouilly-Sancerre-Cosne, in Loire valley.

Seventh Division headquarters arrives at Brest.

Allied advance from Albert south to the Oise continues, with French penetrating enemy positions to depth of four miles.

## AUGUST 12

*Along the Vesle hostile attacks in the vicinity of Fismes were repulsed with severe losses to the enemy.*

Eighty-Eighth Division headquarters arrives at Liverpool.

332d Infantry and 331st Field Hospital, 83d Division, attached to Italian Army, proceed to Valeggio, Italy, for training; Ninety-Second Division (less artillery) moves to Bruyères and vicinity in zone of French Seventh Army.

Anna Held, famous actress, dies.

## AUGUST 13

*Aside from intermittent artillery activity, there is nothing to report from the sectors occupied by our troops. On August 11 and 12 our aviators successfully bombed the railroad yards at Longuyon, Dommary-Baroncourt and Conflans. All our machines returned.*

French resume offensive north of the Oise; Allies announce that Austro-Hungarian troops are now fighting on Western Front.

Twenty-Eighth Division relieves French 164th on right; Seventy-Seventh on left relieves element of Twenty-Eighth west of Fismes; Twenty-Sixth Division moves to Chatillon-sur-Seine area.

Great Britain formally recognizes Czechoslovaks as an Allied nation and the Czechoslovak Army as an Allied force at war with the Central Powers.

## AUGUST 14

*In Lorraine one of our patrols made a successful raid on the enemy's lines and brought back prisoners. In the Vosges a hostile raiding party was repulsed. With the exception of considerable artillery activity along the Vesle there is nothing further to report.*

Responding to British pressure, Germans begin evacuation of five-mile front north of Albert.

American troops land at Vladivostok.

Command of Gérardmer sector, Alsace, passes to Thirty-Fifth Division; Third Division moves from vicinity of Château-Thierry to Gondrecourt training area; Thirty-Ninth Division is designated Fifth Depot Division.

Uprising in Austrian province of Bohemia has resulted in execution of 74 Czech soldiers, according to dispatches.

## AUGUST 15

*There is nothing of importance to report from the sectors occupied by our troops.*

Eighty-Second Division begins relief of Second Division in Marbache sector; Fifth Division relieves French in Fave valley, Lorraine; 370th Infantry, 93d Division, is relieved from duty with French 30th Division in Aire sector and moves to Bar-le-Duc area.

United States Government joins with Great Britain in diplomatic representations to Mexican government against oil land decrees of President Carranza, declaring they amount virtually to confiscation.

Twenty-six women suffragists who demonstrated opposite White House refuse to pay fines and go to jail, seventeen of them for fifteen days and nine for ten days.

America expects to have four million sol-

diers in France by June 30, 1919, General March, Chief of Staff, announces.

## AUGUST 16

*Yesterday in the course of a combat in the region of Flirey our aviators shot down a hostile machine. There is nothing further to report.*

Eighty-First Division (less artillery) moves to Tonnère training area; Fortieth Division is designated Sixth Depot Division.

Pershing notifies Washington that a complete squadron of eighteen De Haviland Four airplanes, built in United States and equipped with Liberty motors, has successfully carried out first reconnaissance flight of American-built machines over German lines.

## AUGUST 17

*In the Vosges our troops, in the course of a successful local attack, captured the village of Frapelle. Yesterday in Lorraine one of our aviators shot down a hostile machine. (The attacking unit at Frapelle was the Sixth Infantry, Fifth Division.)*

Seventh Division (less artillery) moves to Ancy-le-Franc training area; 320th Infantry, Eightieth Division, takes over British Guard Brigade sector on Somme.

U. S. S. *Orizaba* damaged by explosion of depth charge; three killed, 22 injured.

French score advances northwest of Lassigny.

## AUGUST 18

*Aside from artillery and fruitless hostile raids in the Vosges there is nothing to report.*

Thirtieth Division relieves British 33d in front line of Canal sector, Flanders, and assumes command; Eighty-Sixth Division moves from Camp Grant, Illinois, via Camps Upton and Mills for embarkation.

British force enemy back along four-mile front in Lys sector.

William II sends sympathy to Burgomaster of Frankfurt because of "the misfortune that has befallen the open town of Frankfurt as the result of an enemy attack which was contrary to international law and claimed many victims." Meantime, German airmen have dropped numerous bombs in Rouen and other French towns in recent days.

Circulation of money in United States largest in its history—\$5,559,000,000, or \$52.44 a person.

*Yip, Yip, Yaphank*, a "musical mess" with words and music by Sergeant Irving Berlin, opens in New York. Other Broadway shows: *Maytime*, *Why Worry?*, *Seventeen*, *Under Orders*, *Three Faces East*, *Going Up*, *Friendly Enemies*, *Tiger Rose*, *Ziegfeld Follies*, and *Keep Her Smiling*, with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

## AUGUST 19

*North of Toul a hostile raid was repulsed with losses to the enemy.*

Occupation of Dickebusch Lake and Scherpenberg sectors, Flanders, by Twenty-Seventh Division, affiliated with British, merges into Ypres-Lys operation.

French cross Oise in advance along fifteen-mile front; British advance on six-mile front and enter Merville.

Eightieth Division is relieved from British Third Army and moves to Aignay-le-Duc training area; Eighty-Second Division assumes command of Marbache sector, relieving Second Division; Eighty-Eighth Division moves to Semur training area.

## AUGUST 20

*With the exception of artillery activity along the Vesle and in the Vosges, there is nothing to report.*

Seventy-Eighth Division moves to Bourmont training area.

Thirty-Fourth Division moves from Camp Cody, New Mexico, via Camp Dix, New Jersey, to embarkation port, and Eighty-Fourth Division from Camp Taylor to Camp Mills.

Six United States sailors die as result of bomb explosion on seaplane leaving runway at Naval Air Station at St. Trojan, France.

French thrust between Oise and Aisne nets 8,000 prisoners; British continue gains in north.

## AUGUST 21

*Small hostile attacks in the Vosges and north-west of Toul broke down before reaching our lines. Yesterday our aviators successfully bombed the railway at Flabeurville. All our machines returned.*

French gain up to two-and-a-half miles along fifteen-mile front; British attack along ten-mile front in vicinity of Ancre River.

August Heckscher of New York City, "tin plate king," sues two Long Island society women for \$500,000 on slander charges; declares they imputed pro-Germanism to him.

Switzerland reported in grip of Spanish influenza; toll of deaths in Swiss army is alarming, and theaters and other public buildings closed.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, declares at reception given him in Paris by the French press: "We have passed the summit of the mountain as regards the war."

## AUGUST 22

*North of the Vesle a successful raiding party brought in eleven prisoners. Hostile raids in Lorraine and in Alsace were repulsed. North-west of Toul one of our aviators shot down a hostile machine. On August 21st and 22d our aviators successfully bombed the railroad yards at Longuyon, Audun-le-Romain and Conflans. Three and one-half tons of bombs were dropped and many direct hits were observed. All our machines returned. (This was the one-hundredth American official communiqué.)*

British retake Albert; French cross Ailette River.

Vice Consul Imbrie at Petrograd in cablegram dated August 2d and just received, informs State Department Bolsheviks consider that a state of war exists between Russia and the United States.

Senate sub-committee investigating airplane production finds appropriation of \$640,000,000, has been "practically wasted," with not a single American-design battle plane on the Western Front.

War production is short a million unskilled workers and labor reserve has been drained dry, Federal Employment Service asserts; further curtailment of non-essential production will be necessary, officials declare.

## AUGUST 23

*One of our outposts between Fismes and Bazoches, which was driven back in a small local action, later reoccupied its position. Our aviators successfully bombed the railroad yards at Conflans. All our machines returned.*

Twenty-Seventh Division relieves British Sixth in Dickebusch sector and assumed command; Ninety-Second Division, affiliated with French 87th, relieves American Fifth in St. Dié sector; 13th Infantry Brigade, Seventh Division, sends 2000 replacements to Fourth and Twenty-Sixth Divisions.

French and British progress continues in Somme and Oise areas.

## AUGUST 24

*East of Bazoches our troops slightly advanced their line. In the Vosges a hostile raid was repulsed with losses. From the other sectors held by our troops there is nothing to report.*

Ninetieth Division relieves First in Villers-en-Haye (formerly Saizerais) Sector; Thirty-Third Division begins to entrain to join First Army.

British take Thiepval Ridge; French progress at Crecy.

House by 336-2 vote extends draft age limits to 18 and 45.

New York State Federation of Labor adopts resolution (Continued on page 58)



# WAR *on the* CUFF

By  
**CHESTER  
L. SHAW**

*Illustration by*  
**WILL GRAVEN**

I STOOD in the company pay line at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, on a raw day around April 1, 1918. I itched for that money; it was going to finance my final fling before I went over where the guns were booming. Ordinarily I had squandered my \$38 a month (I was a sergeant in Company F, 137th Infantry, 35th Division) in the nearby burg of Lawton. This dough was going to give me a look at New York, for I knew we would be shipping over that month, and what was left would give me an introduction to the far-famed delights of France.

The company clerk shouted my name and I sang out "Ho!" in reply, stepped up to the pay table, and saluted. The paymaster handed over a sheaf of bills, my \$38 minus the monthly deduction for war risk insurance. I buttoned it down safely in a pocket of my blouse. We entrained for the East on April 13th. I still had the money intact when we reached Camp Mills, Long Island, four days later.

I didn't intend to spend much in New York other than what was necessary for a gawk at the skyscrapers and a few rides on the subways I had wanted to see all my life. But I hadn't counted on Camp Mills. Anyone who was there in the spring of 1918 knows what a mudhole it was. It was the closest thing I have ever seen to the hogpens on my father's Kansas farm after a rain; I remember the water rising on the Hempstead plain one night until it touched the seat of my pants in my sagging (Continued on page 52)

"In a regiment of accomplished cigarette rollers, my tobacco became as negotiable as government bonds. The money rolled in"





# Meet the Navy Chaplain

(Continued from page 11)

Baptists, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, Disciples of Christ, they are all his shipmates. In their work, in their play, in their successes, in their reverses, in their troubles, in their sorrows, he is *their* chaplain. On Sunday mornings he gathers them together for what is specifically known in the Navy as a "general" or "non-denominational" service. If personnel of the chaplain's particular denomination desire services according to their own ritual, he provides that for them in addition to the General Service.

A STRIKING illustration of the way navy chaplains work toward a common end is presented by an incident occurring in 1931 aboard a Dollar Steamship liner. Two navy chaplains were ordered to the Asiatic Station for duty. Originally slated to travel out separately on ships leaving within two weeks of each other, they were permitted at their own request to make the voyage on the same ship. The last trip made to the Orient by that ship had been a prolonged headache for the kindly old skipper who spent his days and nights trying to maintain peace and order among various groups of missionaries "China-bound" to carry the message of peace and civilization to the grossly misnamed "heathens."

Scanning the passenger list, the skipper learned that he had but two clergymen aboard for the voyage, one a Southern Methodist and the other a Roman Catholic.

With a "Glory be to God, am I going to have *that* all over again?" he requested the steward to point them out at dinner that evening. Obliging the steward indicated the table where the Southern Methodist chaplain was seated with his wife and boy . . . and with the Catholic chaplain completing the foursome.

Laconically, the steward explained, "They asked to be seated at the same table for the entire voyage to Shanghai."

That evening while the perplexed skipper was still trying to find the "joker" to the puzzling set-up, he was further amazed by a visit from the two chaplains for the purpose of volunteering their respective offices to conduct joint services enroute . . . mass followed by a general service for all hands. The Protestant chaplain's wife played for both services.

The Navy chaplain is more than simply a religious leader . . . he is a morale officer, a liaison between the men and their homes, a good will tourist, a dispenser of countless "sympathy chits," an insurance agent, defense attorney, tour conductor, and a hundred other things never taught him during his training for the ministry.

He is the constant recipient of letters from anxious mothers, irate fathers, worried wives, and distracted sweethearts . . . all of them demanding to know why they have not heard from "Jack." Many of these letters are the result of genuine love interest in the man concerned but just as many are written in terms of promised allotments and money orders rather than in that of endearment. . . . The Navy Department is insistent that the men keep in correspondence with their homes and it usually falls to the lot of the chaplain to insure compliance.

Since personal contact with the officers and enlisted personnel is a requisite for success, a chaplain frequently finds himself engaged in activities and "rushing in" where civilian clergymen would hesitate to venture. The fact that he is a religious representative does not exempt him from dutifully returning dinner, luncheon, and cocktail invitations. The Navy chaplain is after results and possesses sufficient strength of character, conviction, and mental fortitude to get results even at the expense of "sticking his neck out" from time to time. He can do this without fear of decapitation provided, as they say in Navy parlance, "he keeps his finger on his number."

At formal dinner parties and at Enlisted Men's Hops, he not only dances, but what is more pertinent in these days of rhythmless shuffle-footing, he dances well. As a bridge, cribbage, pinochle, or poker player, he can usually be relied upon to hold his own with the best. He does not have to be a good dancer or card player to be a successful chaplain, but every accomplishment to the general well-being of Navy social life lends additional prestige.

IF HE evinces a natural bent for athletics, he soon finds himself Athletic Officer, in charge of baseball, football, basketball, tennis, bowling, swimming, water polo, boxing, wrestling, and whatever other sports are conducive to the health and morale of the men. If the chaplain is young and active, he frequently plays on the team himself or referees the games. Not too seldom one is found clever enough with the gloves to enter the ring and offer conclusive evidence that he can give a good account of himself physically, if need be. More than one chaplain is credited with having worked up a large church attendance by convincing various key-men in the ring that religion is good for the body regardless of what their views may be on its value to the soul. One chaplain corralled a large following by rapping out a lusty home run with bases loaded in the eleventh inning of a game that decided a

Fleet Championship. Another used bowling as a means toward his end. If he lost he paid for all the games; if he won, his opponents not only paid for his games but went to church too. Since he bowled consistently in the shadow of 200, he reaped a rich harvest of church goers among the bowlers. All of which would appear to make the church habit a gambling proposition in the Navy but in actuality is no worse than the countless clergymen who gamble on their sermons and oratorical displays to fill the churches.

Almost invariably the chaplain becomes Movie Officer upon reporting aboard ship for duty. It is his responsibility to arrange entertaining programs nightly and to insure that the projectors are always in operating order. There are few jobs more exasperating than that of Movie Officer. If the picture is not especially entertaining, he becomes the recipient of all the growls usually directed by civilian movie fans against the director, actors, or scenario writer; if the film meets with popular approval, his reward is "About time we saw something good aboard this packet."

THE maintenance of an adequate and up-to-date library is another pet assignment thrown into the chaplain's lap. The Navy Department supplies each vessel with a quarterly allotment of new books, the number of volumes issued depending upon the numerical complement of the ship. However, on larger men-o'-war the demand far exceeds the departmental allotment and it is up to the chaplain to meet the demand for additional books by any legitimate methods at his command.

Whether a chaplain is journalistically-inclined or not, he regularly inherits the ship's paper aboard his ship. This publication is a weekly (on a few ships, daily) digest of personnel activities, comments, notices, and Naval items of general interest. A snappy paper is of invaluable assistance to morale.

As the attorney for defense in both summary and general courtsmartial cases, the chaplain often distinguishes himself by securing mitigated sentences for men under indictment for military offenses, and in several instances has effected complete exoneration where circumstantial evidence might otherwise have brought about a conviction. He is of course under no obligation to assume the role of defense attorney, but like many other non-compulsory items surrounding his life in the Service, he steps into this role accommodatingly (and usually effectively) when requested.

The story is told of a certain chaplain who upon securing an acquittal after a brilliant legal defense, turned to his youthful client with the admonition, "Go



back to your work now and see that you don't do it again." Perhaps the story is merely the fictitious creation of some board member's imagination, but at any rate it illustrates the extent to which a chaplain will go to protect and assist those who get into trouble.

Many a chief of police, justice of the peace, and court judge in the country is familiar with the work done by Navy chaplains in effecting a bluejacket's release after some minor brush with the law.

Several years ago when Tia Juana, notorious Mexican rendezvous south of San Diego, California, was in the heyday of its gambling and drinking career, three sailors on an afternoon's frolic were arrested and booked on charges of disturbing the Sabbath peace. Knowing Tia Juana in those days of wide open saloons, blaring orchestras, clinking gambling halls, and boisterous street soliciting, any charge of "peace disturbance" was the height of presumption. However, Mexican petty officials traded on the knowledge that the average American visitor to Tia Juana readily paid a fine (just or unjust) rather than make a public issue of his arrest. A Navy chaplain on his way through to fashionable and attractive Agua Caliente witnessed the arrest. Recognizing one of the men in civilian attire as a sailor from his ship, he followed the police and their victims to the filthy jail. After hours of pleading, cajoling, threatening, and attempting to reason, the chaplain finally brought about their release by depositing \$43.50 (all he had with him) as fine money. As he was about to depart with three grateful sailors, the police captain halted him with the words. "I think maybe I could lock you up now for what you call obstructing justice, no?" The chaplain made a diplomatic retreat to the border, where in the parlance of one of the peace disturbers "he spent ten of the most expressive minutes I have ever lived through telling those outlaws what he thought of Mexican justice, their country, their family, their ancestry, and the very air they breathe."

In his capacity as Relief Administrator, Insurance Agent, and Financial Advisor, the chaplain plays another important extra-ecclesiastical role. If he can persuade the young men of the Navy to

begin a savings account and invest in government insurance at the very outset of their career, he is doing them a life-long service. His advice and encouragement along these lines often spells the difference between a youthful spend-thrift always in trouble and an honorable, useful career with reasonable financial independence at the end of sixteen or twenty years' service. Many a sailor who bought government insurance and started a savings account in his boot days "just to please the chaplain" found that he

cruise. Information bulletins to acquaint all hands of things to be seen and places to be visited are prepared by him in advance of the ship's arrival in port. These sight-seeing trips which are of obvious educational and recreational value to officers and men, are always arranged at a minimum of expense and effort to the crew. In many instances where the chaplain has previously established influential civilian contacts, these trips as well as other forms of amusement and entertainment are secured for the

personnel free of charge. Thus the men are encouraged to make the best possible use of their liberty hours in a new port and to store up in their minds reminiscences and impressions of a high conversational worth.

In general, there is scarcely an activity in the Naval Service within range of his education and capabilities that the chaplain is not called upon at some time or other to handle. He is at sundry times officer-in-charge of the ship's service store, treasurer for the wardroom mess, treasurer for the cigar-cigarette mess, tutor for men with ambitions to the Naval Academy or to higher ratings in enlisted ranks, principal and professor of schools under Navy control, as for instance Guam, Samoa, Chefoo, China, supervisory officer of

clubs operated for enlisted personnel, member of auditing boards, member of the decoding board, official emissary on confidential missions, and so on far into the pathway of Naval procedure.

Because he lives at such close range with his fellowmen in the Service, the Navy chaplain is admittedly tolerant and understanding. He understands the men intimately because he lives their life so completely. He depends not on hearsay to arrive at conclusions but systematically and courageously investigates the conditions and circumstances surrounding the work and play of the men to his own personal satisfaction. He is not squeamish about entering cocktail lounges, clubs, cabarets, bars, dance halls, and when occasion demands, those rendezvous correctly referred to as "dives."

Many a man has been rescued from serious trouble by the timely arrival of the chaplain at one of these places; many a "joint" that made a specialty of preying upon the weak- (Continued on page 40)



"Do we have to stop at St. Louis? I have a cousin there I don't speak to."

possessed a neat little nest egg at the end of his fourth or fifth enlistment. This in addition to retired pay enables many of them to enter some modest business enterprise and live quite comfortably the rest of their days.

As a Relief Administrator the chaplain plays an equally important part in the scheme of Service life. The Navy depends almost exclusively upon its own resources to handle emergencies among the personnel. The Navy Relief Society, as the emergency organization is known, concerns itself with the matter of serious illness or death in a man's immediate family, hospitalization of dependents, care of widows and orphans, the supplying of ready cash to meet legitimate unforeseen debts, in a word to meet any and all demands occasioned by distress or dire need.

Another useful function performed by the chaplain in the interests of morale is that of arranging sightseeing parties to points of historical significance or scenic appeal in various ports visited during a



# Meet the Navy Chaplain

(Continued from page 39)

nesses of men "out on a let down" after a long cruise at sea or following the completion of a tough gunnery schedule, learned to its sorrow that a chaplain was soon quietly but doggedly on its trail.

The alert chaplain is conscious almost to the minute where his ship's crowd is "hanging out." He knows the danger areas and he drops around from time to time on the off chance that he may be able to avert from the men some disaster in its incipency. If everything is under control, his visit still has not been in vain; it has given him a deeper insight into the inhibitions and reactions of the men with whom he is working aboard ship.

At a certain night club in Manila several years ago, a chaplain waited in at a late hour with a party of British naval officers just as one of the sailors from his ship mistook a broad, low-sweeping window for the door and dropped thirty feet to the street below. The chaplain accompanied the seriously injured man to the Army Hospital, prepared him to meet his Maker, and remained by the injured man's bedside until assured at seven o'clock in the morning that the man had a fighting chance to live. A chance visit to that particular club had put the chaplain on hand to dispense the consolation so avidly sought by the critically ill, and to take what conceivably might have been the man's last message to his mother.

Chaplains are frequently asked by brother clergymen, "Just what is your official status in the Navy?"

There was a time when not even the Chief of Naval Operations could answer that question. There was nothing in the Book of Navy Regulations defining either the status or duties of chaplains. He wore no military insignia and commanding officers were at a distinct loss to know just how far their military jurisdiction extended over a chaplain. But today the status of a chaplain in the Naval Organization is very precisely defined. He is a commissioned officer by appointment of the President of the United States just like the rest of the commissioned personnel.

He enters the service as a junior grade lieutenant and is assigned a running mate from the Naval Academy graduating class of three years before. He advances in rank as his running mate advances, although subject to the recommendation of a Chaplains' Selection Board before advancing to the next higher rank. He wears the stripes of his rank but in place of the star marking line command, he wears a cross. If by chance the chaplain should be of Jewish creed (as during the World War), his insignia above the stripes would be the Shepherd's Staff. He takes his place at quarters, at the wardroom table, at social functions, and in room assignments according to his rank. He is subject to every regulation governing the operation of a ship and to all military disciplinary measures.

The eighty-four chaplains now comprising the Corps are spread all over the east coast and west coast of the United States, throughout the Fleet, at terri-

torial possessions such as Hawaii, Guam, and Samoa, and in the Orient from the Philippines to North China. In addition to serving with the Fleet and at various shore establishments as Training Stations, Navy Yards, Naval Prisons, and Naval Hospitals, the chaplains are also assigned duty with Marine posts at home and abroad. They were with Uncle Sam's leathernecks in bloody Belleau Wood and they were with the devildogs during the days of guerilla warfare in Nicaragua, Haiti, and Cuba. They were with the Marines and Naval Landing Forces in China during the 1927 Foreign Uprising and they were in Shanghai with troops guarding the International Settlement during the Sino-Japanese Fracas in 1932 and later.

Wherever a representative unit of Naval or Marine forces is gathered, you will find a chaplain in the midst of things, fitting himself into the scheme of operations and contributing his professional as well as non-professional bit toward the best interests and morale of the troops.

Yes, the chaplain sails the seas and both by word and deed lives the national motto, "For God and Country." And though he be assigned to the last boat to be lowered over the side in the event of abandoning ship, nevertheless he enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that his flag is the first to fly from the masthead. Once a week he looks up proudly to where the chaplain's pennant is fluttering majestically in the breeze above Old Glory, the only pennant that is ever flown above the national ensign.

## A Guest at Jutland

(Continued from page 13)

admiral about to rejoin asked me. I told him I must depart the following night in order to be back in France before my leave expired.

"What if you are not back in time?" he pressed, and I answered that no excuse would be allowed.

The look the admiral gave me was inscrutable, but he allowed me to proceed to my assignment. About 8.30 a drifter brought me alongside the *Revenge*. Although I knew no one aboard, I was hospitably received by Commander R. M. Colvin, who took me to the wardroom and introduced me to the officers of the mess. Coffee was served and the port poured. The senior nodded to the junior, who raised his glass and gave the toast: "Gentlemen, the King!"

Instantly I started to my feet to drink it standing. The hand of the officer next

me pressed me back in my seat. "You do, we don't," he whispered.

Thus I learned of the tradition established by an earlier King of England who, after naval officers rising to drink his health had soundly bumped their heads on the low beams of a frigate cabin, decreed that thereafter all who toasted the Sovereign aboard his ship should remain seated. So it was seated that we responded: "The King—God bless him!" and drank the toast, drank it, I thought as I watched the faces about me, with an even greater fervor than usual.

A few minutes later I began to understand, as Commander Colvin asked me all the questions the admiral ashore had. At length the Commander announced:

"The entire Fleet weighs anchor in one hour—to be gone at least two days, perhaps a week."

"Can you put me ashore?" I inquired dutifully. Colvin hesitated, and I urged hastily, "For God's sake, say you can't!"

He grinned and answered, "As a matter of fact I can't."

Soon I heard that we had intercepted wireless messages of the Germans, whose code we knew, and when I met Captain Edward B. Kiddle of the *Revenge*, I asked him: "We'll see a battle, sir, won't we?" But he laughed and replied that we might catch a glimpse of the German fleet in the distance and no more, just as had happened on previous occasions.

Yet I had a presentiment as we weighed anchor, the *Invincible* leading out the battle cruisers and the *Revenge* second in the battleship line. I was proud to be aboard her. What a gallant ship she was—the latest type—her long 15-inch guns thrusting out of her turrets. Trawlers in



front of us chugged to port and starboard, drawing back the two submarine nets to give us passage out to sea. Off we steamed to a rendezvous with Admiral Beatty and the battle cruisers and then, perhaps, to meet the Kaiser's high seas fleet at last.

The navy was good to its soldier guest. They showed me the conning tower; the torpedo control tower; the powerful oil-driven turbines in the engine room, surprisingly cool; the quiet plotting room far below where speeds, courses, and ranges would be calmly calculated in the midst of battle.

Then over the crackling wireless came news. Beatty had surprised two German torpedo boats searching a neutral freighter.

Full steam ahead on that afternoon of May 31st, Admiral Jellicoe's squadrons sped to the rendezvous. Was the whole German fleet out? Would it stand and give us battle at last?

Half gun crews at a time were sent from their stations to tea. Then we heard the distant gunfire, and all over the *Revenge* buzzers sounded the immediate summons to battle stations.

I shouted at one of the officers dashing by me: "Where shall I go?" "Wherever you like," he flung back. Since the conning tower would be crowded, I found my way to the torpedo control tower, on the upper deck just forward of the two after turrets, where the lieutenant in command had told me I would be welcome. There I joined him, a snotty (midshipman), a quartermaster, and an able seaman. That was my vantage point for the Battle of Jutland.

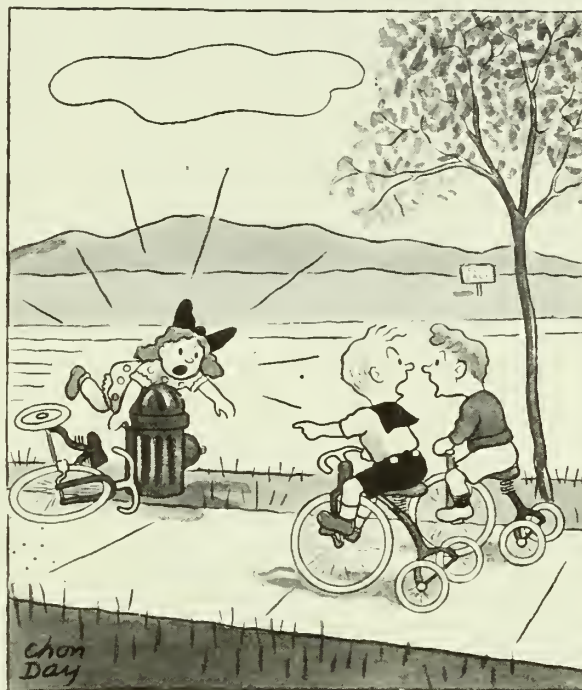
Rumbling of heavy guns. Flashes through the mist. Two great fleets, mighty and majestic, were converging.

One of the first sights I saw that day was also the strangest. Out of the mist and the smoke of battle glided a barque with all sails set. Like a frightened phantom she flitted through this combat of armored dreadnaughts with flaming guns and apparently took no more harm than if she had indeed been a spectral ship without substance. She vanished in the haze as suddenly and mysteriously as she had appeared. Who or what was she? I do not know. So far as I am aware she never was identified.

It was impossible for any one person to witness all of the far flung Battle of Jutland. Everywhere the smoke and the mist were like curtains, constantly rising and descending. But I doubt if anybody had a better view than I and three other army guests, the only men in the fleet who were without pressing duties and free to watch with all their eyes.

I saw the *Defence* come under concentrated German fire and the terrific flash of flame as a shell pierced her magazine and she blew up. I saw the *Marlbrough*

turn, forming battle line, with crimson jets spurting from the mouths of her guns. For me behind heavy armorplate it was mostly vision and little sound until an after turret of the *Revenge* slewed around and with gun muzzles only about thirty



"Women drivers!"

feet from the torpedo tower opened up with a deafening salvo. The concussion blew our caps off and the cotton from our ears. The fact that I was looking through my field glasses protected me, but the eyes of the others smarted severely from burning cordite particles.

What a stirring spectacle they made, those chains of floating steel fortresses passing in stately procession and pounding away at each other! British shells rained on the leading German battleship, and I plainly saw hits made. At the instant of impact they looked like red dots. With incredible rapidity the dots expanded into fiery, full circles; then faded as the armorplate cooled. Geysers of spray shot high into the air, as shells exploded around the *Revenge*, but we were lucky and not once were we struck. The foaming wake of torpedoes crisscrossed the sea. One missed us by six feet and we escaped four others by slightly wider margins. My lieutenant friend in the tower telephoned data below for a torpedo shot and fired it by double control. I could not observe whether it reached its target. An enemy torpedo thudded into the *Marlbrough*, not sinking her but slowing down her speed.

German ships hit faded into the mist before disclosing if they were in a sinking condition. But as we steamed on, tragic evidence of the damage suffered by our fleet presented itself to my gaze. There lay the wreck of the *Invincible*, smashed in two, her bow and stern jutting out of the water. Our battle line passed a sink-

ing destroyer, her crew bravely cheering each ship though none could halt to save them. However, another destroyer, disabled and compelled to drop out of line, rescued the crew of the doomed vessel.

Steadily it grew darker. We made contact with the enemy again, and the guns stabbed the gathering gloom with crimson before we lost the Kaiser's armada once more. Through the night I heard action far astern. It was about daybreak that an excited sailor reported a Zeppelin sighted. I raced out on deck and yonder aloft loomed the cigar-shaped bulk. Up like pointing fingers rose our 15-inch guns. Just in time I leaped back under cover from their thundering crash. I saw the Zeppelin stagger in the sky, reel and dip, but on and away she flew, no doubt to reveal our position to the German fleet. Later we learned that the four shells fired by the *Revenge* plumped into the sea close to a startled British warship miles away.

Those were our last shots in the battle. In the night and early morning the Germans we had hoped to finish had slipped through our cordon to the safety of their base. Their escape established, Admiral Jellicoe late on June 1st ordered our fleet's return to its base.

Who won at Jutland? Historians still are asking that question. We lost more ships and men than the Germans, but their surviving ships were damaged worse than ours. And they ran, didn't they?

Soon afterwards while they were vivid in my mind I made sketches based on the thrilling scenes it had been my privilege to witness. Of course I hurried back to my regiment in France directly I landed from the fleet, but I was two days late, even beyond my extended leave, in rejoining it.

When I reported to my colonel, I was sternly told I would be put under arrest for overstaying.

"Sir," I explained, "I was unavoidably detained by being present at the Battle of Jutland."

The colonel's severe expression altered magically.

"Have dinner with me this evening, Clegg," he cordially invited, "and tell me all about it."

You may be certain I had an interested listener then.

The Battle of the Somme? I was back in plenty of time for it. With eleven others I was taking cover in a dugout from a German bombardment when a shell pierced the roof and exploded. Two of us came out alive, both badly wounded. I nearly bled to death from a severed arm artery.

Decidedly I prefer to remember my experiences at Jutland.



# Here's Mud in Your Eye

(Continued from page 15)

men, sending the remainder back to Atlanta for a dry night's slumber.

Not until the men had departed by trolley car did I busy myself to plot our course to Anniston. At a nearby automobile supply store I procured a map. It was a beautiful map, showing main roads in broad black lines. Studying it I saw a direct route westward, not only the shortest possible, but paralleling a railroad. It was designated as the Bankhead Highway, whether honoring the present Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Senator, or the actress Tallulah of the same family, I am not sure. I am told that today that highway, now macadamized, is a pleasant two and one half hour drive at normal speed but I certainly cursed it plenty two decades ago.

**A**WAKENED in my car, where I had dozed fitfully through the night, at 6 o'clock, by the returning drivers, a cheerless breakfast was followed by attempt to thunder on. But engines were in revolt. Carburetors had been flooded by the heavy rains through the night. Magneto wiring, water-soaked, caused many short circuits. At length we coaxed the motors of the entire herd to turn over, and leaving the hard-surfaced road for what I hoped was a short unimproved gap in the highway, we splashed for a baptism into red-clay gumbo. In its adhesive qualities it resembled nothing so much as mucilage. Non-skid chains helped little in gaining traction as we floundered on hub-deep in the stuff. Moving forward on the level was bad enough, but now a small hill all but halted us. Two trucks in the center of the train went dead through ignition failure. With the aid of our ropes the two disabled machines were pulled and pushed by manpower to the top of the hill. It was 9 o'clock at night and it had been dark four hours before the train was assembled again at the top of the hill. At the end of our second day we had covered thirteen miles from Camp Jesup.

Our first casualty was suffering in the struggle up the hill. Opening the radiator of a laboring engine to refill it with water, a steam explosion badly scalded the face of a driver.

That accident happened directly after a volunteer mascot joined up with us. Did I say mascot? That's a mistake, insofar as a mascot is supposed to bring good luck. Rather this creature, beginning with the scalded man, proved as sure an omen of evil disaster as ever did the albatross in the tale of the Ancient Mariner. Tom, the hitch-hiking rooster, had regarded the long line of pounding, smoke-enveloped trucks as we inched our way up the hill. Unafraid and undaunted by the noise, heat and stench

from massed exhausts, uninvited, this cock-eyed symbol of hard luck fluttered to the seat of the leading truck. Maybe he just wanted to get away from Nickajack, which was the settlement where he got on.

In any event Tom was with us for the duration. Every time the trucks floundered on Tom was no less dependable than an army dog in finding his place at the head of the column. When we were mired he got off, supervising every detail of work with critical eye and cursing every failure to move. At other times he would pick fights with local roosters encountered enroute. A tough old bird was Tom, fearless and profane. In fact he was so tough in bearing and general deportment there was not the slightest temptation to liquidate him into stew, even when pangs of hunger were acute.

Tom gave further proof of his hoodoo influence the very next day. Stuck out in the country overnight, the only shelter available was two pig-pens, happily unoccupied. They were fairly clean and, importantly, they were dry against the continuing drizzle. Whether there is medical evidence of any connection between hogs and mumps germs I don't know but next morning six men appeared on sick report with cheeks distended as though concealing apples. Thereafter at frequent intervals mumps would strike among us, necessitating the flagging of a train to send the victims back to hospital. Thank God for that railroad. It was our life-line to civilization.

Weather on the third day broke fine and clear. Over a newly conditioned stretch of road we made excellent time into Douglasville where, out of fuel, it required almost 500 gallons to refill tanks. Then once more we hit into the mud. It was so deep the trucks literally were mired to their bodies. Ensuing battle to get through the bottomless clay completely discouraged my lieutenant. He reported he didn't feel well and took a train back to Atlanta.

**A** SECOND feathered friend joined our entourage that day—a tiny hoot owl. Blinded by the bright sunshine, he was captured by the men and presented to me. To guard the owl from attack by the swaggering and jealous Tom it was kept in my sedan. Like Tom he was a scrapper and he was destined to play a very bad part at a critical moment later on.

At daybreak the struggle against the mud was resumed. We had found shelter in two vacant houses but provisions were about exhausted. My purchases depleted the stocks of the village store at Villa Rica. Returning with the supplies I found five trucks disabled by dead motors,

and broken springs general. There was only one way to get through the boggy swamp trail. Lashing front and rear fenders together I divided the train into two sections of 15 trucks each. Then with all live motors idling, at a signal from the first sergeant's whistle clutches were thrown into low. Somewhere within each train length there was a few feet of traction to be found. Rear trucks pushed the forward ones, or forward trucks pulled the rear ones through.

**O**UR most serious casualty resulted from that maneuver. Corporal Hermann Muller, working between two cars, was caught between the bumpers, badly crushing his thigh. I located a doctor in the town of Temple where the injury was temporarily dressed. Then I detailed an escort after we had flagged a train and arranged for an ambulance to be waiting at Atlanta. Waiting for the train to stop I sent out Muller's attendant to scout up a bottle of native corn liquor. When it was brought back, much to my surprise, Muller roused from his pain to beg me *not* to give him a drink.

"I promised my mother," he pleaded. "Don't force it on me when I can't resist."

I gladly would have shared the bottle, but he had me wrong.

"Don't worry," I assured him. "It might ease your pain a little but what I'm doing is saving my own reason, if not my life." I was that desperate.

Poor Muller. I never was able to learn how serious his injuries proved. Should he see this story I would like very much to hear from him.

For two days the good people of Temple were hosts to the entire company, not only for shelter but for meals, as we submarined through the mud, then halted to make repairs and reorganize. We were getting about one truck length to the gallon. My diary shows that we took on 500 more gallons of gasoline at Temple.

On the fifth day with the sun once more shining, my lieutenant ventured forth from Atlanta to see how we were getting on. Through the morning we made fair progress over a decent stretch of road, but as the result of punishment already taken five more trucks broke down, delaying us another half day for repairs. This completely discouraged the lieutenant. When night came he reported he did not feel well again, and flagging a train, departed. I have never seen him since. Once more our provisions ran out. A local Red Cross unit came to our rescue with hot coffee and sandwiches.

Resuming battle against the hilly mud trails, on January 31st, my diary shows, we were delayed by the necessity of rebuilding a bridge. Inspection showed that



the rickety structure was too weak to support the weight of even one truck at a time. Unlimbering our axes we felled several choice maple trees, reinforcing the bridge supports, corduroying the planking with the branches. That was not the only time we functioned as engineer troops. Further on we were forced to re-build a smaller bridge for safety.

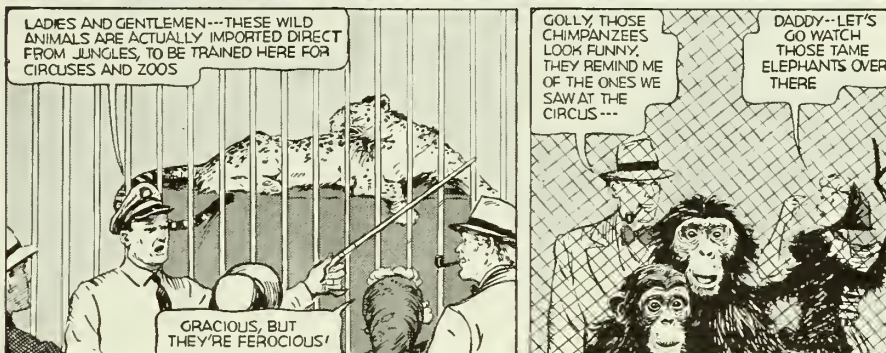
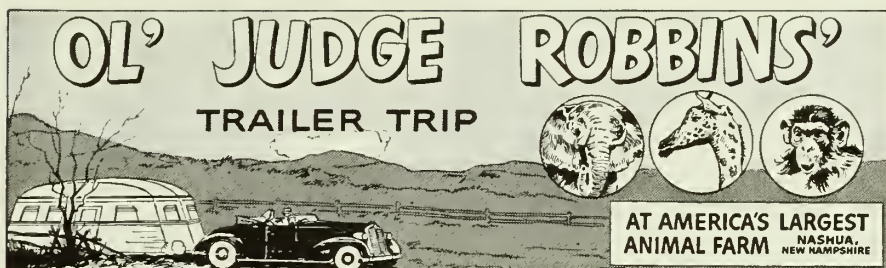
That night we slept in trucks, hungry and cold. Mumps claimed another victim the next morning and in evacuating him a cocky young station agent defied the authority of the entire United States Army, meaning me, in refusing to flag an express train to send the swollen private to hospital. Maybe the dispatchers were getting fed up with our disruption of schedules. In any event appeals to reason and threats of dire consequences alike left the agent unmoved. At that point the town loafer, drowsing on a baggage truck, came effectively to my assistance. In the quaint and picturesque phraseology of the section he told the station agent what would happen if the train was not flagged, climaxing with an earnest promise of returning with his squirrel rifle if the express failed to stop. It stopped.

That sixth day of our halting journey was also important in that our Lost Truck Battalion was at long last located by the authorities. At Camp McClellan, lacking any word of our progress, rumors variously had it that we had stolen the convoy, or were making a winter tour of the South.

The Stanley who approached me with some paraphrase of "Dr. Livingston, I presume?" was a sergeant in a Dodge sedan. Unable to find trace of us anywhere between Atlanta and Anniston over a good road detour by way of Rome, Georgia, he had at last located our spoor on the trail we were following. Because he had had his own troubles catching up the sergeant was not critical. Helpfully, he relayed to McClellan my request for aid, particularly our need of fresh beef among other food supplies. I feared scurvy might break out at any moment. At 11 o'clock that night two mud-covered Quads, following our trail of broken springs, caught up with us at our roadside camp bringing gasoline, oil and provisions.

At daylight two more embattled Quads arrived. Like bull elephants in a circus train those powerful four-wheel-drive monsters went to work, pushing or pulling our balky Pierce-Arrows through the hub-deep mud. Without them I doubt that we ever could have got through. I recall the gumbo was so bad at one point that it was necessary to drive in first gear to make progress down a hill which sloped at an incline of nearly 45 degrees. This, near the town of Heflin, Alabama, was about the worst we encountered. Despite unceasing aid from the four Quads the following day we progressed barely the length of the train.

Again provisions ran out and again the good (Continued on page 44)



Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

## PIPE-JOY IN EVERY PIPELOAD!

PRINCE ALBERT DRAWS RIGHT--THAT MEANS A DRIER BOWL, A COOLER, TASTIER SMOKE--AND GOOD CAKING!

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

CRIMP CUT  
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

**"MAKIN'S" SMOKERS!**

GET ON TO PRINCE ALBERT FOR FASTER ROLLED, NEATER "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES THAT SMOKE Milder, TASTIER. AROUND TO OF THEM TO A P.A. TIN

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

**JUST AS WE SAY--OR NO PAY!**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



# Here's Mud in Your Eye

(Continued from page 43)

Alabamans fed and sheltered us. Returning from a trip into Heflin in the afternoon I found the company completely disorganized.

It was raining hard again and discouraged by a forbidding river of ruts which was the road over a hill confronting them, some of the drivers had turned about on their own initiative to seek other roads. Headed east, west and crossways for a distance of a mile the situation was a mess. By dark I had managed to straighten out the train but what restored morale completely was the arrival of a sack of mail.

The following day new vigor went into the battle despite the fact that it required the services of all four Quads to push and pull just one half of the fleet into Heflin. More supplies came from Camp McClellan, but also from that elusive destination came bad news—in the guise of an Army Board.

On the streets of Heflin, where they had arrived by train, patrolled one lieutenant colonel, one major, two captains and one regimental sergeant-major. To a snappy salute which could not have failed to create envy in the Saluting Demon the delegation gazed through me stoney-eyed, turned their backs and began talking with the men. Latest

rumors in Anniston reported insubordination and mutiny on the muddy seas. They were out to get the facts. As the Board reassembled at dusk I once more approached, saluting punctiliously. The lieutenant colonel alone deigned to notice me. He did so by beckoning his finger ominously. Inviting him to a room I had engaged to get some much-needed sleep, we entered in the darkness.

With the night, sight had come again to my hoot owl. It must have sensed the strained relations between me and my guest. As I fumbled to find a light for the lamp there was a sudden flutter of wings, followed by an agonized yelp from the lieutenant colonel. The owl had stripped a long piece of flesh from a finger of my inquisitor. I must say that the lieutenant colonel took his injury very well. Dressing the wound, he interrogated me. His first accusation, that I had failed to report my troubles to any higher authority, I was able to disprove at once. On the record was a series of long-distance calls to Jesup for authority to buy fuel and provisions. Some officer at that camp had denied ever hearing from me. I could understand why Company 603 was not a proper subject for pride in any MTC camp. At any rate my photographs, diary and requisition receipts were accepted

as a sufficient alibi. Thus I escaped a courtmartial.

We were all the next day getting the last half of our train into Heflin. And that night, thank heavens, our hoodoo left us in the personality of Tom, the hitchhiking rooster. Whether he was lured by the fascinations of some Heflin hen flock or was just plain fed up, I don't know. Certain it is that with his departure our hard luck went also.

Morning of February 6th greeted us cold and clear. With a daylight start we got away in unaccustomed ease, the four Quads towing eleven disabled trucks. Over the Blue Mountains we rolled on roads which seemed perfect compared to the quagmires we had fought through. At noon we set up our field range for the first hot meal prepared by the company cooks since our departure. At Oxford we effected emergency repairs and removed the skid chains and at 10:10 o'clock that night finally limped into Camp McClellan.

When I officially reported our arrival at 8 o'clock the next morning they waved the fleet toward the repair shops. There word came back that we had not only broken all records but everything else as well.

There must be something in the Good Roads movement.

# Above All the Corps

(Continued from page 21)

paying professional musicians, the sissies!

For the enlightenment of those who are still doubtful—at Detroit in 1932 when this corps first went serious and finished about sixty-eighth in the preliminaries it had thirty-two playing members on the field, some of them recruited from another corps to fill the ranks. The men paid most of their own expenses and the then president was hooked for about \$3,000 of his own money.

Such conditions were prevalent in other corps and contributed in many instances to their disbanding, for when these private funds were not available the initiative to raise the necessary funds to keep going usually was missing. It would be well to mention the importance of good business ability within the ranks of the corps. I admit the men who do the playing and marching should not have to do this fund-finding also, but it is their game and to date the success of the corps depends largely on their efforts in this part of it. The past few years have shown a tendency to uncover men not directly associated with the marching and playing who are willing to devote time in promoting affairs for the support of the corps.

No corps can go far or hold together without funds to meet expenses.

In the past five years the expenditures of the Houston corps for twelve months have averaged over \$10,000. That is a lot of money to pull out of a hat. The affairs that are promoted are usually a matter of passing the hat among friends who are interested. One to two hundred dollars is a good take for most of these ventures.

On the other hand these trials are a hidden blessing, as they keep the men close together—an asset that is invaluable to the morale of the corps. I can cite one corps that has been fortunate enough to be able through a single carnival to raise five to ten thousand dollars annually. This corps has been able to pay every cent of its expenses on trips to conventions and has gone so far as to provide spending money in addition. Even with this advantage it is usually necessary to resort to enlisting outside help to have a full complement of men attend a convention. It is a good corps, well handled, and it can provide tough competition; but there has always been something lacking and only a few times have they reached the finals. I have often

wondered if not having to sacrifice to attend a convention did not take some of the spirit from these men and keep them from being better. A corps with the financial backing of this one should be well out in front. However, the fact that it stays together and continues to compete is the important thing, and it is not likely to disband as long as the desire to win is prevalent.

This money problem has always been headache number one with most corps. A last minute donation or some special concession made for covering immediate cash needed has saved many a corps from cancelling plans to attend a convention. There have been times when the uncertainty of attending a convention has lasted to within one or two days of the date set to leave. This has handicapped many corps; for most of the men in them are so employed they must make special arrangements with their employers for time off, and industry does not take kindly to last-minute requests. A few good men missing from the ranks and all the drills and musical effects go haywire.

Most post members have the peculiar idea that the corps personnel should be



able and ready at all times to drop their jobs, get into their uniforms and step off at a minute's notice. Only a corps man knows how futile it is to argue this question.

The major corps of today run a membership of between seventy and eighty and use forty-eight instruments in their competitive set up. Having these instruments handled by the most proficient is the hope but seldom the reality at an important competition. The so-called miraculous rise to prominence of the Houston corps can be attributed to the good fortune of having a complement of fully-trained men on hand when needed. From 1933 up to the present it has not been necessary to make any last-minute replacements. The result of this is shown in the fact that the corps has not once since Chicago placed lower than third in the national competitions while it has won the state championship three years in succession, a record to be proud of. This man-power factor has almost become a prayer at every assembly of the corps and is stressed at every available opportunity.

Every corps in the country would be a healthy and thriving one if all the available drum corps material in its immediate vicinity could be brought into its membership. Roughly speaking, there are at least one thousand Legionnaires of this type in Philadelphia who at present are not active in this work. Imagine the corps that could be developed from this man power if it could only be welded together. Solving this problem is my present ambition, and it is hoped the Legion at large will consider the value of a solution. Now is the time to do something or those corps now carrying the responsibility will go the way of the others.

Finances, petty post jealousies, would-be political aspirants and their schemes, lack of harmony within the Post and a thousand and one other really minor difficulties could all be brushed aside with a little common sense consideration.

At Chicago, Pennsylvania qualified four corps out of twelve in the finals. Today Pennsylvania is actually lucky to have one corps willing to stand the expense and headaches of going to a convention. The lack of consideration for the corps that have attended has created this feeling. Even the winner of first prize must be a loser financially, and it is indeed a fortunate corps that returns from a state or national convention free of debt and with a contented personnel.

Houston Post corps attendance at National Conventions has cost between four and five thousand dollars each year, and the distance from the convention city has been short in comparison to that traveled by others. With a top prize of twelve hundred and fifty dollars it is easy to see the money does not control the desire to attend. The amount of the prizes should be increased, in my opinion, if for no other (Continued on page 46)

# Life Begins At 40

**Howard Chandler Christy  
-at 65-works harder and  
feels he gets more out of  
life than ever before**



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY  
who increased his reputation after 40  
by painting fine portraits

**"Anything is possible if you keep your health,"  
says this eminent artist**

AS A YOUNGER MAN, Howard Chandler Christy gained an enviable reputation as an illustrator. When he was around 50, however, he turned almost exclusively to portrait painting.

Today, he is one of the most successful American portrait painters.

"At 65—I think I am doing harder work than ever before," he says. "As the years pass by, life seems to take on an increasingly fuller aspect."

It takes an experienced eye to read character and translate it to canvas. Long contact with human nature has fitted Howard Chandler Christy for the more lasting—and more difficult—work he chose in middle life.

## Always Enjoyed Fine Health

"I take good care of myself," says Mr. Christy. "No matter how much experience a man has had, he needs *physical energy* and *strong nerves*, if he expects to accomplish very much. To have these assets he must keep good health *at all times*."

\* \* \*

*These two people—ambitious, successful and over 40—tell you how they overcame the handicap of ill-health:*



Mrs. Ida R. Mulvey  
No indigestion now

## Begins Study for Doctor's Degree

Dear Life Begins:

In 1935, when I was 45, I received my master's degree. My interest is in political science.

It's always been my ambition to have a Ph.D., but that summer I came to the conclusion I was too old to continue studying. I'd developed a nerve and stomach disorder.

Later, my skin began breaking out. My niece, who has a beautiful complexion, eats Fleischmann's Yeast, so I decided to try it.

The good things it did were a surprise. After two months, I didn't have any indigestion. I felt energetic and happy. I got to thinking about my Ph.D. again and this year I registered for it.—IDA R. MULVEY



Louis Kinzelberg  
Has youthful pep

## Health a Big Factor in His Success

Dear Life Begins:

My profession—lecturing for hours at a time—is hard work physically. For a while I wasn't equal to it. You can't be tired and run-down and believe you are getting ahead, so I determined to find a way to build up my health and carry on with the work I had chosen.

I found it, too, when I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. At 47, I've as much pep as my young children. I never get too tired any more.

As a psychologist consultant, in addition to my lecturing, I have to keep appointments and be subject to call at almost any time. I give Fleischmann's Yeast great credit in the success I've had.—LOUIS KINZELBERG

\* \* \*

## Weakened Digestion May Slow You Down After 40

In most persons under 40, the gastric juices are usually plentiful and in sufficient amounts to do their part in digesting your food efficiently.

But, as you grow older, these juices often dwindle in quantity.

You can help stimulate a *quicker, stronger* flow of the natural stomach juices by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this *fresh* food contains millions of tiny, *live* yeast plants—which give this tonic action.

This food also supplies 4 important vitamins: the Nerve Vitamin, Bone Vitamin, Cold-Resistance Vitamin and Vitality Vitamin.

You'll soon learn to like the fresh, malty flavor of Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat 3 cakes daily—one cake  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before each meal. The time is important—so the extra flow of juices can be ready to act quickly on your food.

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated



# Above All the Corps

(Continued from page 45)

reason than the gate the competition attracts. The revenue derived from the competition has saved many a convention corporation plenty of embarrassment. Anything one hundred percent Legion should get first consideration and it has been a shame the way this fact has been overlooked.

This is not a slam at my home State, but a statement of fact, for there is proof of its truth. Other States and cities have done the same and all should realize the importance of something being done to change this condition. Pennsylvania should and could have at least ten first class corps attending the national convention and twice that many at the Department convention; other States the same in proportion to their population. It is not hard to visualize the effect such a display would produce and how the Legion would benefit from it.

The Big Parade at a Legion National

Convention is without question the greatest thing of its kind in the world. Any State or city of metropolitan rating that is not properly represented in it misses the best opportunity to show its patriotism. Reasonable support would assure an outstanding drum corps in this parade. These same men who are still willing to carry the home colors now are the men who carried the nation's boasts and promises during the war and should certainly be thought just as well of now as then.

ONE of the reasons why many men resign from drum corps is too many changes in the routine from one year to another. This necessitates additional hours of heart breaking practice and too much of this is bound to cause discontent. It is far better to bring back a happy loser from a competition than a discontented winner; for without the men to do

the work the finest music and the best drills are of no value. Many corps keep trying new routines each year instead of perfecting what they have. With the competition as keen as it is and the judging so critical a few mistakes will ruin the chances of winning. Learning new music and field work requires a great amount of time and is a terrible strain on the men. Last minute changes are always dangerous. Gradual replacement and strengthening of weak points is a far more satisfactory method and will produce better results. A good showman if he has anything worth while will use it as long as it pays. He never shoots the works at one time, but what he does give is as near perfection as is humanly possible.

This holds good in drum corps work. A number of good corps with exceptional routines have looked bad because their work was neither smooth nor precise.

## Hollywood Calling

(Continued from page 9)

been able to storm the gates and see what goes on behind the scenes. Yet, you Legionnaires, who this year trek to Los Angeles for the annual conclave, will be accorded the privilege of a personally conducted tour through one of the greatest motion picture plants in existence, Warner Brothers-First National.

This mammoth studio will suspend production activities for this one day, a suspension which will cost the owners a sum running well into the thousands of dollars. When Warner Brothers so graciously offered to throw open the doors of the studio to the visiting Legionnaires, they did so simply because they have their fingers on the pulse of the movie-loving world. These gentlemen knew that Legionnaires visiting Los Angeles and Hollywood would be primarily interested in this great industry and would welcome any opportunity to see real, live, flesh and blood stars, watch the intricacies of placing comedy and drama on strips of celluloid and learn firsthand the tremendous amount of time and effort necessary to produce those flickering shadows that live and talk on the silver screen.

Following a detailed tour through the great studio lot,

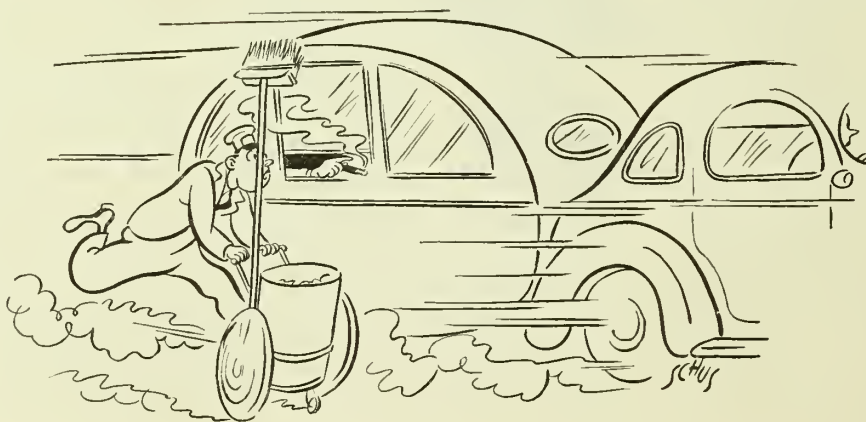
during which time competent guides will explain thoroughly the various departments and describe in understandable language the various sets, street scenes and factories, some actual production of motion pictures will be staged on a great open air set. Even the most distinguished guests of a studio seldom have the opportunity to witness actual production, wherein the cameras grind, actors emote and the "mike booms" stretch out to grasp each whisper of the voice. Not only will the guests of the studio see pictures being made, but they will also see in person the many big names of the Warner Brothers-First National studios. It is planned to have the celebrities under contract to this studio on the lot to personally greet the visitors and thus give their most avid fans something to write home about.

Pat O'Brien, and his infectious Irish grin, will no doubt be among those present to add color to the scene. Pat, by the way, is proud to wear the American Legion button, and there are many others, whose names are written in mazdas along the brighter lanes of the country, whose lapels shine with the blue and gold insignia of our organization.

The "autograph hound," sometimes the bane of a motion picture actor's life, will here be in clover up to his ears, for within the short space of time necessary he can jam his album to capacity with stellar names of cinemaland. Outside the new Hollywood fight stadium, around the swinging doors of the Bamboo Room of the Brown Derby, or beneath the awnings of the Trocadero, these autograph addicts will find choice grazing. The stars, knowing that fan mail is the

surest barometer of the box office, seldom refuse to scribble their cognomen when requested to do so. Bring along your pencils and scratch pads, if that be your hobby, for here as in no other spot in the universe can you so successfully stalk your prey.

Candid camera contortionists can shoot to their heart's content.





That is, they can click their tintypes outside of the motion picture studios. Candid cameras are barred on practically every lot in the business because of the secrecy surrounding the numerous "tricks of the trade." These secrets are those little things going to make for grandeur in production and the exposure of miniature shots or similar artistry of studio mechanics would destroy the illusions which have made all of us "oh" and "ah" during the unreeling of a super-super spectacle. However, those who wish to bring along their Brownies will find plenty of subjects on the outside. But those in charge of the studio visitation have also made plans to soothe the anger of the thwarted candid camera individual. Following the tour through Warner Brothers, the guests are to be taken to the "back lot" where some big production scenes will be filmed. Here there will be no restrictions and photo enthusiasts will be in their seventh heaven.

Those Legionnaires whose silver locks attest the fact that they were "up front" back in the good old days when "Broncho Billy" Anderson was "laying them in the aisles" will be interested to know that the era of the "horse opera" has not passed into oblivion. "Horse operas," argot of the film industry for the western picture, are being produced daily in and around Hollywood. Back in the hills, valleys and ranches adjacent to the city you will find hard ridin' hombres who are hard at work turning out the thrillers that cause Young America to stomp and whistle when the Redskins bite the alkali and the U. S. Cavalry comes in sight just in the nick of time. For a real wallop there is no other branch of picture making that is comparable to the production of a "quickie." The western picture, of course, has always been just about tops with the millrun of film fans. A good sleuth can always find one of these pictures in production within a short distance of Hollywood. The directors and stars of these pictures have little time for temperament. They must put one of these features "in the can" in seven or eight days and that means quick setups, fast action and a nine or ten-hour shooting day. Legionnaires at the Los Angeles convention would do well to clamp their spurs into the rump of the family flivver and seek out some of these companies who will no doubt be in action at that time.

While Warner Brothers-First National has been designated as the official host studio for the convention, there are many others in or near Hollywood, where a visitor armed with the proper credentials for admittance, could spend many an interesting hour. But, as has been said before, the forbidding walls of Movieland are difficult to surmount and it is indeed fortunate that the Los Angeles convention program committee went to such great lengths to make it possible for their guests to enter a studio and see it in actual operation. (Continued on page 48)



**Velvet**  
PIPE AND CIGARETTE  
TOBACCO  
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

**elvet**

- the **MILDNESS**  
of fine old  
Kentucky Burley  
aged in wood
- the **FLAVOR**  
of pure maple  
sugar for extra  
good taste

**Better  
smoking  
tobacco**

**Velvet packs easy in a pipe  
Rolls smooth in a cigarette  
Draws right in both**

Copyright 1938, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



# Hollywood Calling

(Continued from page 47)

All studios point with pardonable pride to their great box-office stars. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has a host of them—Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and, well, just a whole messkitful of picture potentates. Sonja Henie, petite star of the ice, holds forth at Twentieth Century-Fox, as does Shirley Temple, the little colonel of Hollywood Post of the Legion. Paramount Productions, Columbia Pictures, RKO-Radio Pictures, Hal Roach Productions, Universal Pictures, Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Walter Wanger Productions, Harold Lloyd Productions, and dozens of others, operate in the capital of filmdom. All have their stars and these luminaries are just as interested in seeing an American Legion convention in full swing as are the individual Legionnaires in seeing and perhaps talking to these celebrities in person.

A view of the elaborate home of a celebrated film star is always fascinating fodder for film fans. Personally conducted tours, which will take the visitor to the very front gate of these beautiful mansions, are being arranged. Through exclusive Beverly Hills, down to Santa Monica beside the ocean, high into the hills of Hollywood, into the expansive

valleys and back on the mountain peaks can be found the secluded estates of these famous actors and actresses. These tours will be so arranged that the visitor may ride comfortably in a car and see without effort the terraces, swimming pools, tennis courts and homes of his favorite stars. One of the most beautiful estates owned by a picture star is the vast acreage of Harold Lloyd. From the road skirting the landscaped gardens of this magnificent home a fine view can be had and from atop the towering palisades in Santa Monica one can look down upon the beautiful and costly beach home of Marion Davies and those of many other stars who are her neighbors.

THOSE who have often paused to wonder in amazement at the beautiful scenery shown in the many feature productions of the past year will have that sense of wonderment appeased once they tour the countryside of Southern California. Because of the fact that this section of the country offers such a variety of scenery, the film moguls have well selected this spot as the center for the great motion picture industry. Within a few miles ride from the heart of Hollywood and Los Angeles, the director is

able to find snowclad peaks, whose beauty rivals that of the Alps, barren desert land, as realistic as the Sahara, crystal clear lakes, streams of rushing white water and the roaring surf of the Pacific. No wonder then that this great Southland holds such charm for the producers who gamble millions of dollars yearly so that the great American public may go down to the little Bijou theatre after supper and have this world of entertainment placed in its lap.

All this will be a fitting background for the greatest American Legion convention ever to be held on the shores of the Pacific.

Press agents who reach into their rhetorical grab-bag and extract such imposing words as "colossal," "gargantuan," "terrific," "stupendous" and other syllables emblazoning the twenty-four sheets of the nation, could hardly find a suitable slogan to describe the four days of entertainment awaiting the American Legion in Los Angeles on the days of September 19, 20, 21 and 22.

Stars of the silver screen beckon you, motion picture producers invite you and the citizenry of the entire State of California will be standing on the borders to extend the hand of hospitality.

## Georges, Where Are You?

(Continued from page 29)

in a while. He actually cried one night because we would not take him up to a company command post in the trenches, where we were expecting a strong German raid to be launched.

The only time I was worried about him was on one occasion, when moving from one billet to another, I happened to take off my belt and pistol. It disappeared in an instant and a little later the military police notified me they had Georges locked up for swaggering down the main street of the village wearing my belt and Colt 45. There were a few civilians in the town and Georges had simply wanted to show off before the other children. He never touched my pistol after that and he always had respect from then on for the military police. They had spanked him hard.

All in all, Georges spent a happy six weeks on this quiet Lorraine front and he was never really in serious danger. The men of my platoon liked him and he was particularly a great favorite with the cooks and truck drivers. He always managed to get plenty to eat and transportation. When the outfit had to move any distance, Georges would be perched

up on the seat of one of the big trucks.

For a short while during our stay of six weeks on the Lorraine front I was away at school, so Georges was left in charge of my successor but with "Tubby" still watching over him. Georges had named "Tubby" in French "le petit gros," or "little fatty." While away at school I received a letter from Georges, written like the soldiers', on the Y. M. C. A. stationery, and recently I came across this letter. On the envelope is the censor's stamp and the signed approval of "George Wiard, 2d Lieutenant, Signal Corps, National Army." Copying it word by word as Georges wrote the letter, it reads:

Vendredi 23 Aout 1918

Cher pere

Je vous envoie deux mots pour vous dire que je suis en bonne sante ainsie que le petit gros ("Tubby") et le soldat de l'Infantris tous les soir il bois fas aux cafe avec des soldat Americain. Je vais ecrire a la petit mama une lettre que vous moi vierrait la dresse. Est la dame ou vous mange crie toujours. Vous mesquiserait de n'avoir pas ecrire a l'encre. En a une alerte a gaz toute la nuit. Je ne puis

pas vous en mais de plus parce que le cuisinier vont maitre la table. La dame dit que les oficiers en beaucoup d'arcent et qu'il peuvent payer les oeufs.

Une response sa me ferat plaisir.

Votre petit garcons qui pense a vous  
Georges

As his letter indicated, there were several mixed thoughts he wanted to convey to me. He was in good health. "Le petit gros," or "Tubby," evidently was going every evening with another soldier to the local estaminet and Georges felt that his "nurse" was probably drinking too much of the "vin ordinaire." He also wanted to write to his little mamma back in the States whose picture he had seen, and whom he was some day to see in person. He also mentions that there had been an alarm for a gas attack during the night but this was evidently not serious. He was supplied with a small gas mask as well as a steel helmet, both of which he always wore. He wants to be excused for not writing the letter with ink, and he is not able to write more because the cook is going to set the table for the evening meal and Georges had to move.



"La dame" he speaks of was an old French woman whose first floor we occupied as an officers' mess. She was well paid for the accommodations, so much so that her aged husband refused to work, since the family had become wealthy. That was probably the reason the old woman cried as Georges mentioned. He does not fail to mention, however, that the old woman said to him that the officers had lots of money and that they could pay her for the eggs. Even though there are errors in spelling and grammatical construction, this letter from a boy of ten whose schooling had been practically nothing, is truly a remarkable one.

As the thousands of Americans streamed forward during the last two weeks of September 1918, into that part of the Western Front known as the Meuse-Argonne sector, to take up their preliminary positions in readiness for that historic offensive, Georges Perriot, nestling between two husky American truck drivers, moved forward too. I say Georges was nestled between the truck drivers but he was more than that, he was hidden by them at certain moments when Georges' sharp eyes would spot one of the French gendarmerie or an American military policeman. Georges realized he had to be smuggled up to this front, for he had been reading the signs along the way and the painted letters said, "À Verdun." Like every Frenchman he knew the ominous meaning of Verdun. But the truck did not continue to Verdun. It turned off to the left and Georges found himself with us in the woods in front of Montfaucon, right in the center of this vast American army area.

Here, however, we must leave Georges or rather he must leave us, for on September 24, 1918, after certain orders had been received outlining what we were going to face within a few days, I decided that the Argonne would be no place for Georges. Although riding in one of his favorite conveyances, a motorcycle side car, Georges went back with me to Bar-le-Duc a tearful little boy, for he knew he was bidding me good-bye for some time, if not for good. I turned him over to the Prefect of the Department and arranged for Georges to go to school.

From the Argonne our Division moved to St. Mihiel and then to Belgium. From the latter front I went to Toul at Second American Army Headquarters. In a few more days came November 11th and the war ended. I felt then that conditions had become sufficiently peaceful for Georges to join me again and so, wrote to the Prefect at Bar-le-Duc inquiring for Georges. In due time, I received a reply from that official, informing me that "le petit Georges Perriot" had run away to join the American Army. The exact French word he used was "vagabonder" and that aptly expressed the spirit in the soul of little Georges. The letter from the Prefect was the last word I had of Georges until more (Continued on page 50)

AUGUST, 1938



## THE RIGHT ROAD

The road to refreshment will lead you straight to Pabst Blue Ribbon. Brewed to highest standard, Pabst pleases millions today, as it has for five generations.

# PABST

GOOD TASTE FOR 94 YEARS

*Order a Case Today*



© 1938, Premier-Pabst Sales Co., Chicago

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



# Georges, Where Are You?

(Continued from page 49)

than fourteen months later, in America.

Days and months went by. Foreign armies no longer marched in France. Les Américains had almost all gone home and their uniforms were being put aside forever. Georges, as I found out later, attached himself to a unit of the American military police. There were no longer any battles to be fought so Georges evidently wanted to be with an outfit that had some activity. At last there were but few of the M. P.'s and life in France was becoming irksome for Georges when he made his new plans.

ON MONDAY morning, January 26, 1920, my wife and I arrived in New York from the West. We had not been in the city long before friends called us on the telephone, and told us to read in the morning papers of a remarkable coincidence. The day before, the Shipping Board vessel *West Carnifax* had docked from La Pallice, France, and there on board was Georges Perriot! He was one of four stowaways who had been found in the hold of the ship, three hours after sailing from France, and he was taken to Ellis Island to be held for deportation. Georges had remembered that my outfit had come from Toledo, Ohio, and he told the newspaper men if someone could get word to me that he knew he would not have to go back. The headlines in once of the newspapers read, "DOUGHBOY OF 13 HERE AS STOWAWAY—Comes With Three Other French Boys, to See American Officer Who Adopted Him." He was described by the newspapers as a doughboy in every detail of his attire—spiral puttees, overseas hat, uniform, army shoes, everything.

We hastened to Ellis Island and found a frightened but happy little fellow awaiting us. He was not surprised but simply seemed to have felt sure that I would come for him. It was not however, so easy to effect his release. He was a stowaway and as such, faced an almost mandatory action of deportation.

Slowly the wheels of the Government started to grind in the case of Georges. He was brought before a Court of Special Inquiry on Ellis Island. He now spoke English sufficiently well to be understood, and although an interpreter was present, Georges took command of the situation and answered the questions of the members of the court. Plead as he might, Georges lost his case before this court and was ordered to be deported. I appealed his case to Washington and a few days later a rehearing was granted. The court heard his case and again he was ordered to be deported. But luck was with Georges and he secured a further delay by going to the hospital with an attack of tonsillitis, with his "petite

mamma" attending him. In the meantime I had communicated with Warren G. Harding, then Senator from Ohio, and his good services, as well as my appeal to the Secretary of Labor, offering to furnish a cash bond for Georges' remaining in this country, finally won out and he was turned over to us. Another big moment had arrived in Georges' young life for he was to have a chance to become an American citizen. Life was unfolding fast for Georges as it had done in France during the war.

We took Georges with us to Boston on his first train ride in the United States. He was thrilled, and marveled at the large coaches and the big engines. The dining car with its spotless linen and shining glassware and silver entranced him. Then we went to Washington where he had a chance to see more wonders. In the meantime his soldier suit was replaced by boy's clothes appropriate to his age. What a change there was in his appearance! Like the average soldier after the war, changing from a uniform to civilian clothes made a lot of difference.

Not only had Georges changed in his appearance because of his new clothes, but he was quite a different boy from the little fellow who had pumped water for the soldiers at Dijon, and who had remained with us for over two months on the front. The vicissitudes of life in making his way during the fourteen months, after I had left Georges at Bar-le-Duc, had developed in this boy of a dozen years the outlook on life of a man. He was more independent because he had learned that he could take care of himself in almost any situation. At times he was pathetic, having grown up too soon. And yet, there were moments when he was just a little boy who would take his baseball bat and ball and go out to play with the other boys of his age. Then sometimes his anger would be aroused, and the boys were afraid of him, and they called him the "Tiger," as they did at the school in Hartford, Connecticut, where we went to live in March, 1920.

SCHOOL was a pretty tame affair for a boy who had experienced the thrills and adventures such as Georges had. We had considerable difficulty in getting him to go to school and yet that is easy to understand. He had never needed much of an education to get along in this world so it was difficult to convince him of the necessity of an education. He preferred going to the "cinema."

After the novelty of being in a new country had worn off, Georges craved more adventures. He had driven some of the trucks on the American front during the war and he knew how to drive a

motor car. It was not long before Georges started "borrowing" automobiles to drive and here a real problem developed. On one occasion, after he had been reprimanded for taking an automobile and "joy riding" in it, he asserted that the next time he took one he would drive to Boston. My obligation to the Government for Georges' good behavior while he was here was secured by a bond which would be forfeited and Georges deported if his conduct was not satisfactory.

We felt, being a young couple who had not had any experience in rearing children, that we were perhaps not capable of handling Georges. My wife was just 21 and I was 24 at the time. In order to solve the problem of giving him a chance to remain in this country, we endeavored to place him with a good family, particularly one on a farm, through the various children's agencies in Connecticut. We were not successful in this respect, however, for no one wanted Georges. It seemed to be only a question of time before Georges would leave us for wandering again, so arrangements were made with the Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island for his return to France. A passage was purchased for him on a liner sailing for Le Havre; a trunk was packed with the several complete outfits we had purchased for him, and with candy and toys. All of this had to be done without Georges' knowledge for, above everything else, he did not want to return to France.

UPON his arrival at Ellis Island in January, Georges, much to my surprise, had claimed that he was a Belgian. I never could get Georges to admit to me, even in confidence, that he was anything else. His reason for this change in nationality must have been based upon an idea he had, that the Belgians were more popular with the Americans than the French.

So it was a dramatic moment for us, and for Georges, when we stepped off an elevator in an office building in New York on our way to his boat, and saw in big letters on a door just in front of the elevator, "Consulat Général de France." He realized then that he was to return. The officials of the consul general's office talked with him and soon determined that he was, as he had always been to my knowledge, a citizen of France.

We took Georges to a pier at the North River, where he was formally turned over to the immigration authorities, and then delivered to the captain of the ship, who gave me a receipt for "le petit Georges Perriot" who was to be returned to the French government at Le Havre. Georges seemed to be perfectly happy, for he was going on an ocean trip as a passenger and



would not suffer the hardships of a stow-away. And too, Georges was thrilled again, for the captain had put a guard over him until the ship pulled out, and that guard was a big Portuguese sailor, stripped to the waist, with an ugly dirk hanging from his belt. Georges was an important personage once more in his little mind. As the ship backed out into the Hudson, we saw a little hand waving to us from the window of the radio operator's cabin. Georges had already slipped away from his guard, and made friends with the radio operator! Georges was on his way to France, where they put him in an orphan asylum, but not to stay for long. No sir, not for long.

These are the headlines from a Baltimore *Sun* newspaper clipping dated sometime in August, 1920—just two months after Georges had sailed for Le Havre:

**BELGIAN BOY TO FIGHT  
TO REMAIN IN AMERICA**

Stowaway, 14 Years Old, One of 10  
Ordered Deported

Appeals to Washington

HIS SECOND TRIP TO U. S.

War Waif And Army Mascot Was Given  
Home, But Couldn't be Tamed So Was  
Sent Back to France—He Makes New  
Promises

Yes sir, Georges Perriot was back again, and he was a Belgian again, regardless of what the French authorities might think. He had been ordered to be deported at Baltimore but he knew enough to appeal his case to Washington. Notice too, that his age has now increased to 14 years, whereas he actually was 12 years old, and looked to be 10.

What happened was, that Georges had escaped from the orphan asylum at Le Havre and had stowed away on the American steamer *Westwood*, a freighter. He knew enough to select an American boat in each case. I had moved from Hartford in the meanwhile, so Georges was unable to get in touch with me, although he enlisted the aid of newspapermen when he arrived in Baltimore to locate me, and also to present his appeal to Washington.

When we had been in Washington in February shortly after Georges arrived, he had met a French woman who had no children of her own but who had reared seven children. She took quite an interest in Georges and had told him that if for any reason he should ever want to leave us she would be glad to give him a home. He finally got in touch with her from Baltimore, and the deportation order was rescinded and Georges went to live with her.

This time Georges did not remain so long in America. His kind benefactress had a great deal of trouble with Georges and, because of him, suffered a nervous breakdown. Then too, Georges found there were many beautiful drives in Washington and more cars than in Hartford, so he started "borrowing" automobiles again. (Continued on page 52)

# 20 YEARS AGO

You bounced to battle  
**LIKE THIS:**



# THIS YEAR

Roll to the Convention in Cushioned Comfort  
**LIKE THIS!**



**GREYHOUND TRAVEL BUREAUS**

Cleveland, O. . . East 9th & Superior  
Philadelphia, Pa. . . Broad Street Sta.  
New York City . . . 245 West 60th Street  
Chicago, Ill. . . 12th & Wabash  
San Francisco, California . . .  
Pine & Battery Streets  
Fort Worth, Tex. . . 905 Commerce St.  
Charleston, W. Va. . . 155 Summers St.  
Minneapolis, Minn. . . 609 Sixth Ave., N.  
Boston, Mass. . . 60 Park Square  
Washington, D. C. . .  
1403 New York Ave., N.W.  
Detroit, Mich. . .  
Washington Blvd. at Grand River  
St. Louis, Mo. . .  
Broadway & Delmar Boulevard  
Lexington, Ky. . . 801 N. Limestone  
Memphis, Tenn. . . 627 North Main St.  
New Orleans, La. . . 400 N. Rampart St.  
Cincinnati, O. . . 630 Walnut Street  
Richmond, Va. . . 412 East Broad Street  
Windsor, Ont. . . 403 Ouellette Ave.  
London, England . . . 49 Leadenhall St.  
A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St.

## by GREYHOUND!

IF you never attended a convention in your life—go to THIS ONE, big boy! For it falls on the 20th anniversary of the big argument, and you'll never see another like it. How to raise the money? That's no problem, with Greyhound fares lower than a trench duck-board, and Greyhound Super-Coaches the smoothest-riding things on wheels. Get a grand close-up look at America, en route to Los Angeles—return a different scenic highway, saving extra dollars on the round-trip. See your home-town Greyhound agent—or mail this coupon, pronto.



**This brings rates, routes, facts on your trip**

Want to know how little it costs—best route to follow—good places to stop en route? Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound office listed at left. We'll also send that very popular pictorial booklet "THIS AMAZING AMERICA."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

AL-8



# Georges, Where Are You?

(Continued from page 51)

This time the Washington police became acquainted with Georges. He was firmly told that he was violating a very serious law in Washington which came under the popular name of "joy-riding." Georges finally had to be placed in the House of Correction until his case could be decided. But Georges had been confined before and that did not worry him. He managed to get the iron bars loose from the windows of the room and not only freed himself but also four other white boys and one colored boy. They scattered over Washington but the police soon found Georges and he was put in a more secure place of confinement. Then the machinery of the Government started to work again and Georges was deported to France once more. That is the last I have ever heard of him.

I wonder where Georges Perriot is now?

PARIS.

To the Editor: Complying with your instructions, your Paris correspondent

has assumed the temporary role of an amateur detective, and he regrets to report that, in this capacity, he is a complete flop. We have tried sincerely to locate Georges Perriot, but we have failed, and so far, there is no answer to Mr. French's question.

We did find one Georges Perriot, but he was a man beyond 50, a veteran of the war, and president of a group of French ex-service men. He, alas, was not the Georges Perriot we were looking for.

Then, we started telephoning to the Perriots listed in the Paris directory; there are three of them; one is a barber; the second, a salesman; the third, the French equivalent of a butter-and-egg man. They were all amused and amazed by our inquiry, but when it came to locating Georges, they couldn't help us.

An appeal to three Paris newspapers was next on the program; namely, the *Matin*, the *Petit Parisien*, and the *Petit Journal*. Each has a "morgue" that is a model of thoroughness and complete-

ness; here, the great and the small, the good and the bad, (if they have ever merited newspaper mention) are recorded with perfect impartiality. We did discover some Perriots; even one Georges Perriot (already referred to), but of the one-time mascot of the 37th American Division, there was not the slightest trace.

Finally, we asked the aid of the Paris Prefecture of Police; the rogues' gallery was consulted; also all other entries under the name of Perriot. The search still continues, but to date Georges is still missing.

It would have been a pleasure to find a happy sequel to Mr. French's story. Certainly, there is a sequel somewhere—pathetic, commonplace, dramatic, who knows?—but this transitory Sherlock Holmes has been unable to find it. Should he, by accident or good fortune, discover Georges Perriot, you will be informed promptly.

BERNHARD RAGNER.

## War on the Cuff

(Continued from page 37)

army cot. So every chance I got to escape the Mills mud I shoved aboard the Long Island Railroad to taste the delights of New York. I thought I was tasting them in modest doses, but modest or not, I had only \$1.81 left when we sailed from Hoboken April 25th.

My crumpled dollar bill and my jingling pocket coins were perfectly safe on board ship. There was nothing to spend money for except stray morsels of food peddled on the sly by profiteering Limey seamen—and I didn't want food or anything resembling it. We crossed the stormy Atlantic in a tiny British tub, the *Aeneas*, a former banana freighter (the ammonia refrigeration pipes were still coiled about the holds). I was as sick as a horse all the time. Even the smell of the regular rations of mutton stew and tripe sent me to the rail time after time, and I envied my iron-stomached comrades who managed to put them down even if accompanied by grumbling. I couldn't stand it in my quarters down in the hold, for the place reeked of creosote disinfectant, so for twelve painful days I lay most of the time on deck, using my life preserver for a pillow. I thought of many things—of death, of home, of mother—but I never thought of food when I could avoid it.

When we tied up at a Liverpool dock on May 6, 1918, it was a different story. My youthful stomach began rebelling at emptiness once the ship stopped rolling.

I was starving. The supper we had when the ship was plowing up the quiet Mersey was but a taste; I had to have something more. Then word was passed that a couple of seamen were selling something up by the forecabin. I went up there before turning in and found two avaricious Cockneys peddling emaciated salmon sandwiches at a quarter a throw. I bought a couple and managed to separate my chest from my backbone.

What we had for breakfast the next morning I don't remember, but I do recall that it wasn't enough. We entrained for Winchester, reached that picturesque town in the evening, and marched to Camp Flowerdown on the outskirts to bed down for the night. What we had for supper I don't remember, but I recall that it likewise wasn't enough. Still starving, I blew the rest of my \$1.81 on candy, cookies, and sardines at the British canteen. And so, when I landed at Le Havre with the rest of the outfit two days later, I was entering upon a great adventure flat broke.

We ate that night at the British mess of the great Le Havre debarkation camp. The fare was hardboiled eggs, washed down with a mug o' tea. Again it wasn't enough; but I couldn't do anything about it. Some of the boys had money, so they went out to sample the food in the nearby bistros. I went to the dingy white tent I shared with a handful of others, stretched out my blankets, flopped dis-

consolately, and began dreaming of hog-butcher time down on the farm.

After a bit the moneyed celebrants began staggering in, their breaths reeking of too much first acquaintance with *vin rouge* and *vin blanc*. By all the rules of pastime they should have been happy but they were not. They were grumbling—grumbling about British cigarettes. We were in a British area and we had to take British tobacco or else. There was no American Red Cross about, no Salvation Army, no Knights of Columbus, no Y. M. C. A.

Somewhere within me the spirit of an ancestral trader must have stirred. I came from a region in Kansas known for its traders—men who would trade horses, buggies, jackknives, just about anything but wives. I had no skill or interest in trading in those pre-war days, nor have I any now, but old Dr. Necessity pushed me into a trading career in the war. And so, with the aid of the American Tobacco Company and a brilliant idea, I set to work.

Before I left New York I had heard tobacco was scarce in France, so I bought a carton of Bull Durham (I had no thought of it for anything but my own use, but I must have been prompted by the spirit of that ancestral trader). I shoved all the Bull I could into the pockets of my ammunition belt (we were supposed to be carrying ammunition to save Uncle Sam freight charges, but since



I was lugging three bandoleers of steel-jackets over my shoulders I reserved the belt as a tobacco repository) and stowed away the rest here and there in my pack. It turned out to be a precious money crop.

The tobacco situation became worse and worse after we left Le Havre. We were to be brigaded with the British for supplies and training, for that was before General Pershing had won his fight for an independent American Army. We went to the vicinity of Eu, Department of Seine-Inferieure. There we turned in our Springfields for British Enfields, got British rations, including jugs of the lime-juice His Majesty's forces have long swigged down to prevent scurvy, and more British cigarettes—Wild Woodbines and other delights of Tommy Atkins in the Poor Bloody Infantry. Our Kansans and Missourians swore they'd rather smoke corn silk any day—but there was no corn silk.

It was I, a stripling three-striper, who came to the rescue. I spread the word that I had Bull Durham to trade, and the rush was on. In a regiment of accomplished cigarette-rollers, my Bull became as negotiable as government bonds. The money rolled in. My usual bargain was one sack of Durham for two sacks of Woodbines (I didn't like them, either, but I liked poverty less) and a franc to boot.

There was one difficulty—the Bull

didn't last long and my silver mine caved in. But we had two paydays due, as we were now getting into June, and I felt I was safely through my private depression.

Something went wrong with the pay system. Just what, I have never learned, but I suppose some company clerk dropped out an initial and caused the whole payroll to go back for a recheck. Daily we kept our ears attuned for pay call, but we didn't hear it. Then, on June 4th, we received marching orders for a two-day hike to a railroad to entrain for the south as part of the American Army. We left the Eu area for Buchy.

Everybody was chipper about it. We would soon be back with the Americans—back to Camels and Fatimas, back to Iowa sowbosome, Idaho potatoes, Illinois corn syrup, back where they had paydays once in a while. Everybody was chipper—everybody but me. I was sick. I felt worse and worse as we route-stepped down the crushed-rock road. Finally I told our first looey I couldn't stagger another kilometer. He called a medical officer, who stuck a thermometer into my mouth, scribbled out a ticket and tied it to my blouse, and shoved me into an ambulance. I had—and I'm almost ashamed to tell it—I had mumps, a disease I had somehow missed in childhood.

They stuck me in a British hospital at the North Sea resort of Dieppe, where I had a lot of fun watching the breakers

pound the shore whenever I could get my mind off my empty stomach. The British hospital authorities were nice people, but they didn't set a very good table. Three weeks later they discharged me. I was fit for duty, but I had no duty. The outfit was hundreds of miles to the south—only Chaumont knew where—and my chances of catching up with the payroll had gone glimmering again. I didn't have a sou in my pocket, for my Bull Durham wealth had long ago gone for French food, cheap wine, an occasional nip of champagne, and—well, it had gone.

So, like many another broke and lost A. E. F.-er, I became a casual—which is a polite term for army tramp. When the British docs turned me loose they didn't know what to do with me except send me back to the nearest American concentration, which happened to be Eu again. I put up for a day with the 33d Division, which was now in that sector, then a Railway Transportation Officer shipped me to the notorious casual camp at St. Aignan. I say notorious because that place was more commonly known as St. Agony to its unwilling guests and housed, among other things, a detachment of flat-footed soldiers who were unfit for duty and were sent there in an effort to build up their dogs. But it wasn't St. Agony to me, for it re-introduced me to American army chow. After the brown (Continued on page 54)

# WET ROADS SWEEP DRY BY NEW NON-SKID TIRE

**STOPS YOU QUICKER, SAFER THAN YOU'VE EVER STOPPED BEFORE • Golden Ply Blow-out Protection, too**

• It's really two great tires in one! Inside, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the famous Golden Ply that resists internal tire heat and provides you with scientific protection against high-speed blow-outs.

Outside this new huskier, deep-grooved Silvertown has Life-Saver Tread skid protection to give you the *quickest* non-skid stops on wet roads you've ever seen.

## NO EXTRA COST!

And mind you, even though Silvertowns are the only tires in the world that give you these two great life-saving features—they do *not* cost you a penny extra! Stop in at your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store; ride out on these life-saving, mileage-boosting Goodrich tires.

### SUMMARY OF THE REPORT from America's Largest Independent Testing Laboratory

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested including those tires listed from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth."

PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY



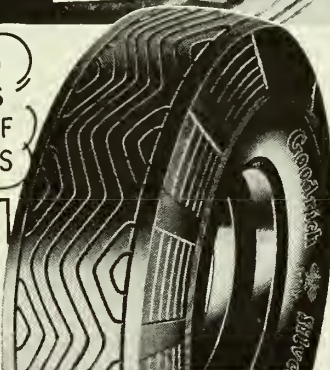
THE SIGN SAID "STOP" BUT HIS CAR SHOT STRAIGHT AHEAD! For *quickest* non-skid stops, get Silvertowns with road-drying Life-Saver Tread.



LIFE-SAVER TREAD DRIES WET ROADS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS



HOW LIFE-SAVER TREAD WORKS. The never-ending spiral bars act like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water right and left—force it out through the deep drainage grooves.



**The NEW Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID-PROTECTION • GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

AUGUST, 1938

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



# War on the Cuff

(Continued from page 53)

wartime bread of the British, the American white bread was like cake; I sopped it in messkits full of corn syrup and reveled in it. I stuffed down fat rashers of crisp salt pork; I stowed away boiled potatoes and long-frozen roast beef from the Argentine pampas; I tasted beans again, and I went for the canned salmon—though later, in common with the rest of the Army, I cursed it as goldfish. St. Aignan was all right; I was eating regularly again.

**L**IKE most good things, it couldn't last. A few days after my arrival an R. T. O. assembled a flock of us tramps fresh from various hospitals and herded us on a train headed south. He rationed us with canned bill, hardtack, and jam, and my full stomach went down in a hurry. We made devious jaunts on the stony seats of third-class railway coaches, and finally, just before starvation set in, reached Bains-les-Bains, a pleasant little hot springs resort in the Department of the Vosges. It was styled the Fifth Army Corps Replacement Area.

I was still broke—no gals, no wine, no food but the army mess—and no chance of connecting with the outfit and the payroll for another stretch. So, remembering my trading success with the Bull Durham, I inventoried my assets to see if I had anything that might be worth money to other soldiers. There seemed to be nothing; everybody else had the same things I did.

One morning I was shaving in my billet, scraping with a war-issue Gillette as I stood before a steel mirror hanging from a joist in the former hayloft. The fellow next to me was swearing and groaning. He was struggling with a dull straight-edge razor.

"Lord, I wish I had a safety," he complained. "I never could shave with these things at home, and it's hopeless here. No stop, no hone, no hot water. I'm murdered."

The old trading blood started circulating again, and I had a sudden inspiration.

"What'll you give me in boot for my safety?" I asked the guy. "I don't mind a straightedge, and right now I need money."

"Let me see it," he said. He examined the Gillette a moment, deliberated, then offered: "Ten francs."

"Not enough," I replied. "It'll take twenty."

The fellow shook his head and started to turn away. Then he rubbed his throat and felt blood. Without a word he pulled out a twenty-franc note, passed it over with his old hoe, and took the safety. I went out and had a time. Incidentally, I used the old straightedge satisfactorily

for the rest of the war. I found that the army-issue web waist belt made a pretty good stop, and I had no more worry about blades.

After my twenty francs had been blown the weeks dragged on. I couldn't get paid and I couldn't get back to the outfit. There was only one thing to do—keep besieging the adjutant until I did get back. So I camped on that gentleman's doorstep at the mairie in Bains-les-Bains until he was only glad to give me travel orders.

I caught up with the Division late in August, joining them in a quiet sector in Alsace. I was still as poor as Job's turkey, but the outfit had recently had a payday and then moved right into what passed for action in those parts. They all had money, with no place to spend it, and were inclined to fling it around rather carelessly.

Again I took an inventory—what did I have that might be convertible into other people's cash? I couldn't work the Bull Durham business again, for the stuff abounded now. Nobody wanted a straight razor. But I soon found, after I had parked my stuff in a dugout, that I had one thing very much in demand—a Springfield rifle.

As has been previously mentioned, when the Division was teamed with the British we were forced to swap our Springfields for British Enfields. When the outfit reached the Vosges (and I was still in the hospital) they turned in the British rifles and drew in exchange American Lee-Enfields. These guns were much disliked, for they seemed heavier and more awkward than the traditional United States Army shooting iron. So the boys looked covetously at my trim and shiny-stocked Springfield and started bidding for it. I finally let it go for an Enfield and fifty francs to boot. While I was about it I borrowed fifty francs from each of two friends and was set for a high time when we left the trenches, to say nothing of again skipping the next payday.

**W**E LEFT the quiet sector on September 4th. Before we could connect with September pay we started moving into reserve for St. Mihiel and thereafter into position for the start of the Argonne drive. We entered the drive, and on the third day—September 28th—I stopped some fragments from a high-explosive shell. It was back to the hospital and away from the payroll for me.

I was a hospital tramp for the rest of the war. First they hauled me from the Argonne area by truck to the evacuation hospital at Souilly, then by train to Base 82 at Mars-sur-Allier, near Nevers. Still no pay—I was in bed and didn't need it.

I was discharged from 82 in January, 1919, and rejoined the outfit at Courcelles-aux-Bois, near Commercy. But I had been sent out too soon and my wounds broke open. I was ticketed for another ride in the ambulance and I never rejoined the Division thereafter. I was moved from hospital to hospital—to Commercy, to Toul, to Cannes on the Riviera (a prime treat except for one thing—I didn't have a franc), to St. Nazaire, to Tours, and to Brest, among others.

In April, 1919, with my pockets just as empty as when I arrived, I shipped home from Brest. On arrival in New York I was taken to the Greenhut Hospital at Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, a former department store. I was rated as a convalescent, with almost unlimited leave and well able to get around and enjoy myself if I had had something to enjoy myself with. But I didn't, so I spent the first couple of days after my return walking about the streets nearby or strolling among the white pillars of this former store where once salesgirls peddled ribbons and gewgaws.

**A**ND then, after I had resigned myself to pauperism, I found that Uncle Sam must have a heart and a conscience after all. The word was passed that he was paying off on a man's own statement. I found my way to the paymaster in another part of the hospital. He required me only to figure up what I thought I had coming, then make an affidavit to that effect. I calculated mine at some \$385, and it must have been right for I never heard from it afterward. The paymaster loaded my hands with three \$100 rolls of \$1 bills, with odds and ends of currency to make up the rest. I tucked away \$100 of it to finance some belated roistering in New York, then hustled to a nearby postoffice to send the rest home to my mother for safekeeping until I got there (I might as well have spent it all in New York, for I soon fritted it away in Kansas after my discharge on May 23, 1919).

It was a pleasant feeling to be in the money at last. And at last is the proper term, for in the year I had been over I had only what money I could get by trading and borrowing, plus two pays of 52 francs each after the American authorities—following the Armistice—devised a paybook system for partial pay to casuals, similar to the British method. Those two 52-franc pays came when I was in hospitals, and since they went mostly for chocolate bars and cigarettes I don't count them.

So I had fought the war twelve months for board, clothes, medical care, and a round-trip steamship ride.



# They Drilled for Oil, but—

(Continued from page 27)

Athens, Georgia, who is honored as the originator of the poppy memorial idea, which was first adopted by Atlanta Post and, in 1920, was presented to the National Convention by three Atlanta men. The poppy anchor was dedicated by Atlanta Post "in memory of all World War men who went down at sea." It was launched at Annapolis on Memorial Day as a part of the Academy's exercises.

## Calling for Help

THE Braille library systems initiated by Comrade Jerry Mitchell and his associates of Santa Barbara (California) Post has proved so popular that the demands far exceed the limited facilities of the Braille Committee. The library is now circulating in thirteen U. S. Veteran Administration Facilities and will be extended to others as soon as possible. During the first week in June a total of 979 pages, including 200 pages of the May number of The American Legion Magazine, were sent out to groups of blind in Government hospitals and these publications will be continued in circulation as long as they are legible.

A letter from Comrade Mitchell says: "Our Post deeply appreciates mention of our Braille project in the June magazine. However, we do not think that enough stress has been laid on the fact that we want no monopoly in this work. We want help. If twelve more Posts would take up the work, each group of blind which now reads would receive a Braille edition of The American Legion Magazine each month, as well as other publications."

Two recruits have joined the Braille staff of Santa Barbara Post, Comrade Ralph C. Hine and Mrs. Edw. Roughcore, which increases the number of transcribers to five. Requests have been received for a dictionary in Braille, books on poultry, husbandry, Spanish grammars, and other works which cannot be turned out by the present limited staff. The Braille work has attracted much attention and its value has been thoroughly demonstrated. What one or dozen of the 11,400 Posts of the Legion will volunteer to take it on? Jerry Mitchell is anxious to hear from at least a dozen.

## Community Concert

A COMMUNITY concert and song service each week is the unique civic project carried on by William H. Bollman Post at Lebanon, Pennsylvania. It was started for the purpose of providing public entertainment at a public park, but gained such popularity and support that the program has been continued throughout the year as a community service. From one to two thousand people gather each Sunday afternoon to lis-

ten to the music and group singing, in the park during the summer months, and in the auditorium of one of the high schools during the fall and winter months.

The community concert was built around an idea advanced by Legionnaire Cedric I. Homan, who has a gift for leading group singing.

## Up Link River

KLAMATH FALLS, Oregon, has the shortest river in the world—Link River—just one mile in length, which connects Klamath Lake and Lake Ewauna," writes Legionnaire Tom Young, "and it also has one of the best Legion Posts in the country." Granted that our comrade is taking in a lot of territory, he does have reason to point with pride to Klamath Post.

"Klamath Post owns its own home," says our correspondent, "with clubrooms, meeting rooms, auditorium and dance floor. It supports two drum and bugle corps, a senior and a junior, and a rifle team. The senior corps now holds the Department championship for the third time in four competitions, and in addition last year captured first prize for veterans' corps in the big Golden Gate Bridge Fiesta parade at San Francisco.

"As one of its community service activities, Klamath Post has tried to preserve a breath of the old western atmosphere of its home section and each year stages a three day celebration, the first week in July, with a real western rodeo as the main attraction."

## All Around America

PUEBLO (Colorado) Post celebrated Air-Mail Week by starting an elaborately engrossed scroll around America, via the air routes, for the signature of the Governor of each State, and finally to the White House at Washington where the signature of President Roosevelt will be affixed. The scroll will then be returned, to be displayed in the Post home.

A ceremony was conducted at the airport when the scroll started on the first leg of its journey, joined in by Legionnaires, public officials, a band and three observation planes of the Colorado National Guard. Members of the Post are speculating on the length of time it will take the document to make the rounds. The air mail postage from one point to another is just about one dollar. The air mail covers are being removed at each State Capitol and returned to the Post. These covers will be mounted and bound in one volume, constituting a complete record of the trip. Posts in the various capital cities are cooperating in keeping the scroll moving.

BOYD B. STUTLER



MOTORISTS who use SANI-FLUSH regularly never have to worry about clogged, overheated radiators. SANI-FLUSH keeps radiators clean. Water circulates freely. You save power. And you don't risk costly repair bills. SANI-FLUSH is inexpensive. It's easy to use, and perfectly safe.

Just pour 10c worth of this scientific powder in the radiator. (25c for the largest trucks and tractors.) Follow directions on the can. Drain. Flush. Refill with clean water. That's all! SANI-FLUSH removes rust, scale and sludge from the delicate veins of the radiator. Cars run cool. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find SANI-FLUSH in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush** **Safe NOT CAUSTIC**  
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

## Have You Some Spare Room

a basement or garage where you can do light work? We can offer you a profitable proposition, casting 5 & 10c Novelties, ashtrays, toy autos, etc. as manufacturer for firm of many years standing. No experience necessary as we furnish full instructions with moulds. If interested in devoting spare or full time to profitable work write AT ONCE stating age and space available as we are now closing arrangements for 1938 supply of our goods.

METAL CAST PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 9,  
1696 Boston Road New York, N. Y.

## ★ GET A GOVERNMENT JOB ★

START  
**\$1260 to \$2100 Year**

Ex-Service Men  
get preference.

8,716 Veterans  
appointed 1937  
Fiscal Year.

Mail coupon today  
sure.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE  
Dept., 181-W Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge,  
(1) 32-page book with list of many  
U. S. Government Big Pay Jobs.  
(2) Tell me about Veteran preference  
and how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Name.....  
Address.....



# FRONT and CENTER



## THOSE TRANSPORTS

*To the Editor:* I protest. 'Tain't so. The U. S. S. *Kentuckian*, shown on page 26 of the June issue, does not run between the mainland and Hawaii. The *Kentuckian* is owned by the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, and plies between the Atlantic and Pacific Coast ports of the U. S. Our sailing schedule shows she left Baltimore on May 31st westbound.—STEPHEN B. McDONALD, Portland, Oregon.

\* \* \*

*To the Editor:* In Mr. Van Riper's article, *Legion of Ships*, how could he leave out the *Mongolia*? My understanding is that it was one of the outstanding ships in several ways—round trip without refueling or stocking, firing the first shot of American merchant marine ships, transporting more troops than any other ship. I feel that in justice this should be said. My information comes from statements made while on the ship. My regiment, the 360th Infantry, 90th Division, returned on the *Mongolia* and landed in Boston, June, 1919.—OSCAR L. PATE, Wills Point, Texas.

\* \* \*

*To the Editor:* Mr. Van Riper's article mentioned my ship, the U. S. S. *Santa Olivia*. I was a member of the crew practically the entire time she was in commission; I traveled 45,000 miles aboard that old jumping-jack of a tub. I saw her taken out of commission, and even remained aboard an extra twenty-four hours to complete the records in the exec's office. As you can well imagine, during these past nineteen years I have often wondered what became of the *Santa Olivia*. Van Riper's article gave me the first bit of information.—G. WILEY BEVERIDGE, Sumner, Iowa.

\* \* \*

*To the Editor:* In the article on transports it was stated that only six unescorted twosomes were sent overseas as transports. If you will check the records you will find that the *Great Northern* and *George Washington* made one of those trips, leaving New York on October 31, 1918. The Seventh Trench Mortar Battalion was aboard the *Washington* and reached Brest on Armistice Day. No doubt the Heinies heard we were there and quit. In all my travels to national conventions I have never met any of the old gang and would appreciate hearing from any members of Batteries B or C, especially Corporal Bill Cofrode and Mess Sergeant Downing.—William Esser, Chairman, Lorain County Council, The American Legion, Lorain, Ohio.

\* \* \*

*To the Editor:* *Legion of Ships* tells us what became and is becoming of our

transports. I notice that the *San Jacinto*, the one I went to France on in August, 1917, still is in service to Puerto Rico. I came back on the *President Cleveland*, April, 1919. Where is she? Fifteen days over, nine days return.—DAN T. BALMER, Cochranville, Pa.

## WHY FINLAND PAYS

*To the Editor:* The suggestion of Comrade Witherspoon that we visit Finland is interesting and with certain value. First, let me dispel a mistaken idea that is held by many people. Finland was not an ally of ours nor was it an ally of any country since it was a part of Imperial Russia during the war. For this reason Finland did not contract any war debts and does not, therefore, pay them off now.

Finland does pay its debts which were contracted after the war and when she became an independent country. When any country pays its debts, that is news of the first importance. What we overlook, however, is the reason why Finland does pay promptly. It is simply this: Finland has worked out its economic problems on a sane and orderly plan without too much of political administration. For one thing, that country does the major portion of its business through Consumer Co-operatives. It would be of immense value to Legionnaires to learn more of this movement which is entirely non-political and holds great promise in every country where democracy is the basic concept of living. Those Finns are not magicians. They have faced their problem sanely and without the distorted thinking of Communism on the left or Nazism or Fascism on the right. These non-believers in democracy do not get to first base in that country in spite of the fact that there are no laws against them.—CLINTON F. GLUCK, Bound Brook, New Jersey.

## THE 93D, NOT THE 92D

*To the Editor:* In the June issue 20 Years Ago June 1 contains item 370th Inf., 92d Div., entering sector . . . and June 18th contains item advance detachments 92d Div. arrive in France. Have made a hobby of collecting all facts regarding all outfits, and information I think correct shows the 360th, 370th, 371st & 372d Inf. in the 93d Div., but never was a complete Division.

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement. Names, addresses and post affiliation must be given, though the editors will withhold publication of these if the circumstances warrant.

These infantry regiments sailed January, 1918 and served with the French, and my first record of the 370th Inf. in the lines was at St. Mihiel, June 23, 1918. Also June 20th has item 26th Div. moves . . . preparatory to relieving 2d Div. at Château-Thierry and my records show seven different fronts for the "Yankees" with beaucoup time in the lines; cannot find that they were ever at Château-Thierry.

Again in the Company Clerk's department is mentioned the 164th Inf., 41st Div., trained at Camp Greene, N. C. and I have in my records they trained at Camp Fremont, Calif. The rest of that article reads like my information. They sailed in December, 1917, and except for the artillery were largely used as replacements. It is possible my records of training camps are correct for Divisions and maybe some units trained elsewhere than with their Division.

I add something to my book with nearly every issue of the Magazine! The 331st F. H. being in Italy was new to me this issue. Have read where the complete report of the Civil War was not ready until after the Spanish-American War and they are still working on records and reports of our own scrap, so the story of the World War may not be completely told until the survivors are all gone, when there will be no one left to argue about it.—LEE E. McDERMET, Denver, Colorado.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The 370th Infantry was, of course, a unit of the 93d Division and not of the 92d, as we inadvertently permitted the typesetters to show it. The four infantry regiments, which operated separately in the A. E. F., sailed from the United States on these dates: the 369th on December 12, 1917; the 372d on March 30, 1918; the other two regiments, except for three companies of the 371st, on April 7, 1918. . . . The 26th (Yankee) Division most certainly was in the Château-Thierry area. The town of Belleau was captured by the 26th and the village church in Belleau was restored by the veterans of that Division as a memorial to its members who did not come back. . . . While Camp Fremont was originally designated for the training of the 41st Division, later orders transferred the Division to Camp Greene, N. C.]

## THE FLAG

*To the Editor:* Two headlines in the daily press have comparative and alarming connotation. A Pennsylvania judge has ruled that "forced salute to the flag is a blow to liberty," thus permitting a religious sect to dictate whether it wants to play according (continued on page 59)



# Theirs Not To Reason Why

(Continued from page 18)

the linesmen, he said: "Tom, I apologize for putting you in this position. I can't sit on the bench with a team that doesn't represent Notre Dame. I'm going up in the stands." By this time every man's Adam's apple was going up and down his throat like an Empire State elevator making skyward and groundward trips.

But the tear-jerking words continued. "Some day I might come down and sit on that bench again if I can feel that there is a real Notre Dame team on it. Here's the lineup, Tom, do the best you can." Then he strode from the room an apparently beaten and broken man.

Words and thoughts failed every player in the room. Captain Clem Crowe was the first man to become articulate. "What'll we do now?" he asked almost tearfully of Lieb.

"I don't know; you've seen the lineup," said Lieb, dumbfounded as anyone.

Then came the inspirational leadership that Rockne's character building had so often developed. "I guess there's nothing to do but play football. Come on, gang," commanded Crowe.

And out of the dressing room they stormed after consuming altogether but five of the fifteen minutes allotted them for the between-halves rest. They were waiting to tear Northwestern apart long before the visitors took the field to resume. In the second half Northwestern kept the ball twice and then just long enough to kick. An aroused Notre Dame team was doing it for their "resigned" coach, turning in 13 points to win the contest, 13 to 10.

Of course "Rock" resumed the bench before the final whistle. His boys had shown him that they did represent Notre Dame after all. Rock's acting in that instance was one of the greatest pieces of psychology ever wrought on a group of athletes. And the boast of no defeats on Cartier Field was resumed again to prevail until 1929 when Carnegie Tech erased it.

There was a similar psychological parallel in 1926 when Notre Dame went to Pittsburgh only to be beaten by Carnegie Tech, 19 to 0. Rockne had gone to Chicago that afternoon to report for a string of newspapers the Army-Navy game that resulted in a 21-21 tie, and his assistant was in charge at Pittsburgh.

A crestfallen band of Notre Dame footballers got off the train at South Bend the morning following their Pittsburgh debacle. They marched to 7 o'clock mass, following custom, and had breakfast down town, after which they were ordered to report at the practice field at 10 a.m. It was amazing—practice on Sunday! But scrimmage they did until 11:45. After lunch they convened at 2 to scrimmage again until 4 p.m. under Rockne's grimly silent but consuming scrutiny.

No one could understand it. The next Saturday they were to play Southern California at Los Angeles in the first meeting of these teams. They were to leave for Chicago on the first leg of their westward journey at 5:30 that afternoon and here they were scrimmaging all day Sunday. (Continued on page 58)

## FRITZ



# DANDRUFF LOOKS SO UNTIDY!

Dandruff makes you look untidy and can handicap you socially as well as in business. Glover's Mange Medicine is famous as an aid in relieving Dandruff, because it contains pine tar oil, sulphur and other medicinal properties of highly regarded value by the medical profession. Used with systematic massage, Glover's makes your scalp fairly glow all over; leaves your hair clean, soft, lustrous. You can FEEL and SEE its good effects.

Glover's Mange Medicine and massage is equally effective as an aid in checking excessive Falling Hair; relieving Itching Scalp and promoting new hair growth in Patchy Baldness.

**IMPORTANT!** Shampoo at home with Glover's Medicated Soap to thoroughly cleanse the hair and scalp and effectively remove the Mange Medicine's clean pine tar odor. Get both at your Druggist's today!

Your Barber knows the value of Glover's Treatment. Have him give it to you regularly.

**FREE** booklet on Glover's System for the Scalp and Hair—write Glover's, Dept. 29, 462 Fourth Ave., New York.

## GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

DRIVE TO CONVENTIONS—REUNIONS—MEETINGS WITH FLAGS FLYING

## CLAMP-O-POLE

5 feet long, fits any car bumper. Carry your flags in military style. Advertise your Post's candidates and home town. Send \$1.25 today for a complete set, a 5 foot pole and husky clamp. Will last a life-time.

CLAMP-O-POLE CO., 49 1/2 8th Ave., New York

## Sell 50 PERSONAL Christmas Cards

EARN up to \$25 in a Week

Take orders for this big valued 50 Christmas Cards with sender's name, sell for only \$1. Your friends and others will buy on sight. Just show free samples. You make big profit.

### Extra Money for Spare Time

Our complete line offers you largest earnings. Sell Christmas Card Assortments—Religious Cards, Gift Wrappings and others, 50c and \$1.00. Big profit to you on every sale. Men and women—start earning at **FREE Samples** once. Write for **FREE Selling Outfit**. General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-335, Chicago, Ill.

## ROLL DEVELOPED

Eight Guaranteed Prints, Two Beautiful Professional Enlargements 25c.

Very Quick Service—Expert Workmanship

**PERFECT FILM SERVICE**

LaCrosse, Wisconsin

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. © 1938, C.P. INC.



# Theirs Not To Reason Why

(Continued from page 57)

At last the list of those who would make the California trip was posted on the bulletin board. There was hurried packing of their sleeping clothes and other personal equipment and the luggage was turned over to the trainer's crew while everyone dashed for taxis to take them to the railroad station four miles away. Their personal baggage was not seen again until late that night on the train when they took it to prepare for their berths. In every man's baggage as he opened it was a program of the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech game the day before, and the score, Carnegie Tech, 19; Notre Dame, 0 written across it. It was Rockne's caustic way of telling them he didn't think they were so hot. A different bit of psychology from that employed in the Northwestern game but equally effective, for they defeated Southern California six days afterward, albeit by the narrow margin of a point.

A PERFECT nightmare to a hockey coach is a goal-crazy defenseman. Nowadays, of course, your rear ice guardian of the big leagues must combine scoring punch with defensive play, but there are situations in every game in which he very definitely must not essay a sally to the enemy's zone. Anyone good enough to make the big league grade knows these occasions of danger; they have been drilled into him for years on the way up. Once in a while, however,

a rear ice player with everything in his favor—bulk, speed, courage and a hard shot—will arrive on the scene only to as quickly depart. You can mark it down that he was goal-crazy.

Mervyn "Red" Dutton, currently the manager of the New York Hockey Americans in the N. H. L., could never be referred to as goal-crazy when he was one of the outstanding defensemen of the Montreal Maroons from 1926 to 1931. Red, a veteran of the Princess Pats, was of the crushing, battering type who hoisted the enemy up to the rafters when he connected with them, yet a touch of goal-craziness at a crucial moment cost his team a world championship and the Stanley Cup in 1928.

It was the fifth and final game of the Maroons-Rangers series in which the New Yorkers had to play all their games on the Montreal Forum ice. They entered the final contest all square at two games each. Rangers scored first in this deciding game and the Maroons didn't draw even until early in the third period. Now they had a new lease on life; once again they were every bit as good as the visitors. The late Eddie Gerard, their coach, warned every defenseman, as he came to the bench for a breather, against rushing. "Don't go down unless three of those Rangers are trapped in back of you," he told them.

Dutton was hardly back on the ice before he violated the admonition.

Ranger forwards bore down on his blue line, but only two—the wingers—went inside. It didn't make any difference to Red. He poke-checked the puck from one and tore toward the Ranger goal.

He might well have been the hero instead of the goat of the game, but for one of those quirks of fate that usually have a hand in such affairs. Shortly before Dutton had taken the ice there had been a demonstration against the officials which included that time-honored, but highly moronic custom of littering the ice with torn paper.

As Dutton came in and prepared to take his shot one of those bits of paper that eluded the sweepers got under his skate and tripped him. Down he went. And while he was still down trying to recover himself Frankie Boucher, the Ranger pivot who did not go into Maroon territory with his two wings—the Cook brothers—picked up the disc and sailed in on the undermanned Maroon defense to score the goal that won the game and the world series.

There was no great disciplining of Dutton by Gerard for this faux pas. The fiery defenseman was heartbroken about his boner. It haunted him for years. The boast of every hockey player, active or retired, is the number of Stanley Cup teams he has played on. Red Dutton will never voice any such boast, but he will tell you regretfully today that he might have been able to but for that boner.

## Twenty Years Ago

(Continued from page 36)

opposing "bone dry" legislation and asking in particular exemption of beer and light wines from restrictions.

Ty Cobb of the Detroit Tigers in final appearance at New York before enlisting in naval aviation gives the fans a thrill by knocking out a home run.

### AUGUST 25

*In Alsace hostile raiding parties were again driven back in attempts to reach our lines. At other points occupied by our troops the day was uneventful.*

British advance moves to within a thousand yards of the old Hindenburg Line.

Claims of Americans totaling millions of dollars against the Cunard Steamship line because of the sinking of the *Lusitania* are dismissed by Judge Julius M. Mayer in United States District Court at New York City.

Auto manufacturers agree to limit production during the second half of 1918 to twenty-five percent of the total 1917 production.

Ex-President Roosevelt turns over his Nobel Peace Prize securities, amounting to more than \$45,000, to the Red Cross and similar organizations. When Col. Roosevelt was awarded the prize he gave it to the

nation in the hope that it would be used to establish some sort of peace commission. Last week the securities were returned by Congress, at Colonel Roosevelt's request.

### AUGUST 26

*In a local action west of Fismes our troops gained ground and captured prisoners. In Alsace a hostile raid was repulsed with losses.*

British, attacking on thirty-mile front from the Scarpe to east of Arras, cross Hindenburg Line; Canadians and French advance.

Spain plans to construct an airship capable of carrying mail and forty passengers to the United States, Captain Herrera, chief of the Spanish military air force, declares. Trip would take two and a half days, he believes.

Nationwide "bone dry" prohibition, to go into effect on July 1, 1919, and continue for at least the duration of the war, loomed today as a strong probability through Senate action on the agricultural bill.

Executive committee of the French Radical party adopts resolution favoring a society of nations as outlined by President Wilson.

### AUGUST 27

*Aside from renewed local combats along the*

*Vesle between Bazoches and Fismes, there is nothing to report.*

Thirty-Ninth Division headquarters arrives at Brest; Sixth Division moves to Remiremont area under administrative control of VII Corps.

British continue progress beyond Hindenburg Line; French advance along twelve-mile front, taking many towns.

Submarine Chaser 209 is sunk by shell fire from U. S. S. *Felix Taussig*, having been mistaken by latter for enemy submarine—16 dead, three injured.

John D. Ryan is named Second Assistant Secretary of War.

### AUGUST 28

*North of the Aisne our troops, in co-operation with the French, advanced to the railroad west of Juvigny and captured 200 prisoners. Along the Vesle local hostile attacks forced our outlying detachments in Bazoches and Fismette to retire. (The attacking unit at Juvigny was the Thirty-Second Division.)*

Twenty-Sixth Division moves north of Bar-le-Duc, thence via Sommedieu area to western face of St. Mihiel salient.

French reach the Somme, recapture forty villages.



## AUGUST 29

North of the Aisne, our troops have made progress in the region of Juwiguy, in spite of the strong resistance of the enemy. Our patrols were active along the Vesle and in the Woëvre, and brought in prisoners.

British capture of Bapaume forces German retreat southward to Péronne-Brie line.

Government pays out \$156,000,000 for ordinary war expenses, a one-day record. This was in addition to \$20,000,000 paid out in foreign loans.

Field Marshal Von Hindenburg, who had been reported dead, wired the inquiring Fatherland party in Reichenberg, Bohemia, "I am right as a trivet and looking calmly to the future."

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, confers at London with British labor leaders.

President Wilson announces he will fix the price of wheat at \$2.26 a bushel delivered at Chicago. This ensures that every bushel harvested in the United States up to July 1, 1920, will bring that price.

## AUGUST 30

In the Vosges a strong raiding party which advanced under cover of artillery fighting on our lines was driven back without securing any result. Aside from artillery fighting in this region there is nothing else to report. During the day the railroad yards at Barricourt and Conflans

were effectively bombed by our aviators. All of our machines have returned.

Ninety-Second Division relieves French 87th and assumes command of St. Dié sector; Fortieth Division reorganizes as Sixth Depot Division.

William D. Haywood and fourteen aids in I. W. W. are sentenced to twenty years in prison and fined \$20,000 each for attempting to upset American war program; eighty other defendants receive from ten days to ten years.

## AUGUST 31

North of the Aisne our troops took Juwiguy by assault and captured 150 prisoners. In the Woëvre and in the Vosges the enemy was again repulsed in attempts to raid our lines. In Alsace a successful raiding party penetrated the enemy's trenches and inflicted losses.

Australian and English troops advance, latter taking Mont Kemmel and pushing north along Péronne-Bapaume road; Germans abandon Lys salient.

President Wilson signs Man Power Bill to draft all men between eighteen and forty-five years; act will provide for nearly 13,000,000 registrants.

British embassy at Petrograd is sacked by Bolsheviks and British attaché is killed.

American troops transported to France during month, 285,974; to date, 1,611,427; troops returned, 1,987.

# Front and Center

(Continued from page 56)

to the rules of citizens generally. This virtually places Jehovah's Witnesses above their allegiance to the United States. A Rabbi is quoted as preaching, "Traitors may lead to dictators." Conversely, those who dictate are traitors. This judicial decision should give encouragement also to Bishop Manning and Bishop Stires, who display in their respective cathedrals their church's banners in positions that outrank the United States flag. The latter writes me that "the church has so decided." And this is the only country on the globe which guarantees, undisputedly, the right of all citizens to worship in whatever manner they elect. But this is far from prescribing to them the right to discard the symbol of the country which gives them this right. To repeat, dictators to this Government are traitors.—GRIDLEY ADAMS, Chairman National Flag Code Committee, Weehawken, New Jersey.

## AMERICANISM

To the Editor: May I offer the following as a contribution to *Front and Center*: "The proponents of foreign isms, some of whom are not citizens of our country, are positive that they know exactly what is wrong with America and have a cure-all for its ills. These same minorities are following the very procedure their countries of birth or which they admire would not tolerate for a second. This latter stated fact is in reality no concern of ours, but as a result of the use by dictators of the iron fist on their educational systems, the burning of books of knowledge and the subjugation of the press, an innocent (polite word although quite likely not as correct as "ignorant") believer of such anti-American principles sneaks under cover of darkness to the tower of one of the

Harvard University buildings to hang a Nazi flag.

"Is it not sad to learn that there are persons who trifle with American liberty by associating with or supporting such fanatics, most of whom are receiving pay for their destructive efforts. The enemy has carried the battle into our own territory and is menacing the future of our children. We Legionnaires must accept the challenge and beat down the invader by bringing Americanism to the forefront; Americanism must be made an outstanding topic of discussion with our families and our friends, and particularly our children. They are the ones to be instructed that the American flag represents the finest and fairest country on the face of the earth and there is no room here for any other flag or ideals."—A. J. KOMMEL, *Flatlands Post*, Brooklyn, New York.

## VETERANS AND CRIME

To the Editor: Your editorial in the May issue covers a subject that has occupied a place in the minds of most veterans for some time. Personally, I take much consolation from the special notice made of the fact that "Intoxicated War Veteran Runs Amuck" or "World War Veteran Beats Helpless Widow," and their names obscured midway in the body of the article as being of minor importance. As much as we dislike particular reference made to war service in connection with misdemeanor and crime, we should, nevertheless, take much consolation from the fact proved thereby, that World War vets as a group are a pretty good lot, not given to running amuck, and I say this with no self-admiration intended—just a simple statement of fact.—N. D. ISRAELSON, *Chillicothe*, Illinois.

# HELP 15 MILES OF KIDNEY TUBES

To Flush out Acids and Other  
Poisonous Waste

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 Miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the beginning of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 Miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## RAIN INSURANCE

Legion posts and other promoters of outdoor events carry Rain Insurance indemnifying against loss of income or expense.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY  
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA  
SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

Applications must be filed seven days prior to event. See Local Agent in your town, or address: Rain Department, 209 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

# STOP Itching

TORTURE This Quick Way

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**.

## MAKE UP TO \$3 IN AN HOUR

SELL NEWEST CHRISTMAS CARDS

Easy to sell new Christmas Cards with sender's signature in Raised Gold. 21 beautiful Folders, with "Emboss-O" materials, only \$1. You make 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Also Christmas Cards with name imprinted—50 for \$1. Many other assortments, sell 50c up. Get samples.

Friendship Studios, 822 Adams St., Elmira, N. Y.

# WANTED: MAN with CAR

Make regular calls on Local Coffee Route. Nationally known, complete line of 250 household necessities. Fast-moving, big profit, quick-repeating products. Boyne reported \$67 profit in a week; Cooper, \$82; Wellman, \$96. Experience not required. Earnings begin at once. Positively no money risk. Ample stocks sent on credit, once you start. Details FREE—no obligation. WRITE: Albert Mills, 5313 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

# Stoves AT FACTORY PRICES!

SALE CATALOG—FREE  
Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes of Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces at FACTORY PRICES. Easy Terms. Write today for FREE CATALOG. New styles, new features, new colors. 30 days FREE trial—24-hour shipments. The Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Company, 2066 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Over 1,300,000 Satisfied Users  
39 Years in Business  
Write for FREE Catalog  
"A Kalamazoo Made Mark Guarantee Direct to You"



# Patrolmen of the Depths

(Continued from page 32)

Past National Commander—was as usual one of the guests of honor. He appeared at the stated hour to be introduced to and to address the convention and then through a hitch in the program was kept waiting before being presented.

To refresh our memory as to details we referred to a Summary of Proceedings of the 1922 convention and feel you might enjoy reading the actual account:

Commander MacNider took the chair and said: "I have a little privilege this morning, one which I know every service man and woman in the United States envies me. I am about to tell the General of the Armies to stand up and do his stuff—John J. Pershing."

Banners of many States were brought to the platform by delegation chairmen, each claiming General Pershing as a native son. Following a long demonstration, General Pershing addressed the meeting as follows:

"After what you have seen I haven't the faintest idea of what part of the country I come from. There is just one locality that I haven't heard from, and that is Powder River.

"Your distinguished Commander has perpetrated upon me this morning one of his little jokes. I was booked to appear on the platform at 10:30. I polished up my boots and polished my belt and was here exactly on the minute. He said the convention was not ready to receive me; in fact, I don't know yet whether the convention had arrived and was ready to make its customary inspection. So I have cooled my heels for some two hours and now I am again ready, although not in such a polished condition as I was at 10:30. (Voice from the audience: 'Now you know how we felt.' Laughter.) I am very glad that you caught the point to that because I have a faint suspicion that Commander MacNider was simply trying to play even with me. So, if everybody consents, we will call it square."

And then the General proceeded with an inspiring address. It all goes to show the human side of Pershing—that he could take a joke as well as the next man, and that the three- and four-hour waits, usually unavoidable, that troops lined up for his inspection in France had suffered, had not escaped his notice.

Along this same line, Edward M. Soboda of North Shore Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he lives at 1617 West Hopkins Street, did a bit of searching in his war archives and produced the snapshot picture of an automobile of the vintage of 1917. The four stars on the

windshield identifies it as the official car of the Commander-in-Chief. Comrade Soboda has this to say about the print:

"I am enclosing a picture of General Pershing's old crate, a snapshot which I found in a Red Cross hut in Paris near the park where the Eiffel Tower stands. Don't know who the people in the picture are, but whoever they are, no doubt they, as well as the tens of thousands of soldiers who used to await its appearance in the A.E.F. to indicate the beginning of a

## MR. AMERICAN LEGION MERCHANT—

Back on page 50 of the June issue you will recall we spoke of "Cooperation" and the benefits to all concerned when we work together successfully.

Twenty years ago that same idea was actually written into the Preamble to The American Legion Constitution " - - - we associate ourselves together for - - - mutual helpfulness."

This idea pays dividends to every Legionnaire dealer who uses it. By making yourself known as a Legionnaire within your community the response from Legionnaires is definite. By constantly reminding the salesmen who call on you that The American Legion Magazine does an outstanding advertising and selling job you increase our advertising. Increased advertising to Legionnaires means more over-the-counter sales for you.

This keeps everybody happy—including your cash register.

*Advertising Department*

**THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE**

divisional review and inspection, would get a kick out of seeing it again. If anyone identifies himself or herself definitely and can tell where and when and on what occasion the picture was taken, copies can be made available."

Incidentally, Comrade Soboda's old outfit, the 61st Regiment of Railway Engineers, held its first reunion since the war in the Cudworth Post Clubhouse of the Legion in Milwaukee in July. He enlisted the aid of the Outfit Notices column in gathering the old gang together and told us this of his old outfit: "The 61st Railway Engineers trained at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, along with the 60th, 62d and 63d Regiments. We wore the Engineers' castle insignia, but after we got to France, the 61st was split up into the 57th, 58th and 59th Transportation Corps and our insignia was replaced by the insignia of that branch of service—a locomotive wheel with wings. The old gang still call themselves the 61st Railway Engineers, however, and I hope those who failed to attend the reunion in Milwaukee will write to me so that we can have a real turnout at the reunion next year."

SOME of the outfits that saw action overseas during the war evidently foresaw that it might take many years before their exploits would be recorded by appropriate monuments on the battle fields and so took matters into their own hands and erected memorials of their own while they were still on the ground. This department recalls seeing such markers—particularly those bearing the numeral 1 identifying the First Division, the four ivy leaves of the Fourth Division and the red diamond of the Fifth.

Those outfits were correct in their thought, as it was not until the summer of 1937 that the American official memorials in France, Belgium and England were dedicated. During the interim, however many of the makeshift divisional markers were uncared for and some had collapsed.

Earl A. Gill of Lewisburg (Pennsylvania) Post, however, had the pleasure of finding one of his Division's wartime memorials and he took the snapshot of it that we show. Here is Gill's story:

"Last summer I spent seven weeks on a trip to France, Belgium and England. I was present at the dedications of ten American World War Memorials in those three countries—

in France, at Montfaucon, Montsec, Blanc Mont, Tours, Bellicourt, Cantigny and Brest; in Belgium, at Waereghem and Kemmel; and in England, at Brookwood. There was also opportunity to visit the Meuse-Argonne Cemetery at Romagne, the Paris Exposition and other points of interest.

"During July I spent five days at Septsarges, near Montfaucon, with a peasant family with whom I had been billeted in 1917 when they lived in the Gondrecourt area. While there, I took several side trips about the Argonne region. One of them was by bicycle, accompanied by two French boys, Jean and Pierre Marchand, to Varennes, Charpentry, Cheppy, and Chaudron Farm. My own outfit, Ambulance Company No. 2, had been shelled out of the latter place in October, 1918.

"On the outskirts of Varennes at the crossroads leading past Chaudron Farm, I came across this old monument which must have been put together by some unit of the First Division. It had been roughly constructed of stone and cement and our divisional insignia was made of red tile.



No care had been taken of it, so we scraped off the moss, pulled the weeds, and took the picture. One of my traveling companions posed with me.

"Can any old timers of the First Division tell me who put up this memorial?"

## ACCORD-

ING to a report from Adolph N. Sutro, Reunions Chairman, letters of inquiry regarding outfit reunions during the Legion National Convention in Los Angeles, September 19th to 22d, are being received in such great volume by the chairmen of the numerous outfits that will hold meetings,

that in some instances the chairmen are unable to make individual replies. Chairman Sutro advises, however, that there will be a centrally-located registration and information booth established in Los Angeles during convention week, where complete details regarding the headquarters of the various groups and the time and place of the dinner, luncheon, entertainment or whatever form the reunion may take, will be available. There, too, will be gathered rosters of the various outfits, giving the name, home address and Los Angeles address of all who have registered.

Under Chairman Sutro there have been appointed group supervisors for each of the general branches of service to assist in making reunion plans. Should you fail to find your particular outfit listed below, write to Chairman Sutro, 808 State Building, Los Angeles, California, who will refer your inquiry to the proper group supervisor, or to the chairman of your outfit's reunion, provided one has been appointed.

Details of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

**GOLD STAR MOTHERS**—Mrs. Mae M. Cushman, 843 N. Sierra Bonita, Los Angeles.

**NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES**—Annual meeting and reunion, Miss Celina Finnegan, 504 S. Bonnie Brae st., Los Angeles.

**NATIONAL YEOMAN (F)**—Annual reunion and meeting, Miss Philomene L. Cavanagh, chmn., 10743 Westminster av., Palms Sta., Los Angeles.

**EX-SERVICE WOMEN AFFAIRS**—Marion "Pat" Koenig, chmn., 724 S. Mariposa st., Los Angeles.

**Soc. of 1st Div.**—Annual National reunion, dinner and business meeting, Walter Naughton, gen. chmn., 537 N. Curson st., Los Angeles.

**2d Div. Assoc.**—Wilbur T. Love, chmn., 585 Palm dr., Glendale, Calif.

**Soc. of 3d Div.**—W. A. Jellineck, chmn., 212 S. Spring st., Los Angeles.

**4th Div. Assoc.**—Edw. J. Maire, director, 1170 N. Cummings st., Los Angeles.

**Soc. of 5th Div.**—Hq. at Hotel Hayward, Earl Sheeley, secy., 723 N. Avenue 51, Los Angeles.

**6th Div. Assoc.**—Reunion dinner, Sun., Sept. 18. Full information at Hq. booth in Blue Room, Hayward Hotel. R. E. Moran, secretary, 506 North Spaulding avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**7TH Div. Assoc.**—Thos. Nisbet, 4258 Brunswick av., Los Angeles.

**8TH Div.**—Richard D. Bridges, chmn., 2327 W. 25th st., Los Angeles.

**9TH Div.**—D. P. McCalib, chmn., 3807 Wisconsin, Los Angeles.

**10TH Div.**—Elmer Barr, chmn., 845 S. Bixel st., Los Angeles.

**11TH Div.**—Roy Kite, chmn., 939 E. 112th st., Los Angeles.

**12TH Div.**—Jos. Basil D'Amico, 1611 Vista Del Mar av., Los Angeles.

**13TH Div.**—Victor R. Anderson, chmn., 2035 N. Highland av., Hollywood, Calif.

**14TH Div.**—Ned Strumwasser, Farmers & Merchants Natl. Bank, Los Angeles.

**15TH Div.**—Harry O. Warren, chmn., 219 W. 101st st., Los Angeles.

**16TH Div.**—Sidney A. Cherniss, chmn., 650 S. Spring st., Los Angeles.

**18TH Div.**—A. R. Scofield, chmn., 4311 Woodlawn av., Los Angeles.

**20TH (YANKEE) Div. Vets. Assoc.**—Erving A. Dresser, 2664 S. La Brea, Los Angeles.

**27TH Div. Assoc.**—Edw. A. Lavery, chmn., 1838 N. Kenmore av., Hollywood, Calif.

**28TH (KEYSTONE) Div. Vets. Assoc.**—Reunion, Sept. 21, Stanley R. Wilson, chmn., 2134 Midvale av., West Los Angeles.

**29TH Div.**—Herbert Ochs, chmn., 801 S. Los Angeles st., Los Angeles.

**30TH Div.**—W. E. Lyon, chmn., 1111 La Hacienda pl., Los Angeles.

**31ST Div.**—C. P. McDowell, 1275 Subway Terminal bldg., Los Angeles.

**32d Div. COMBAT ASSOC.**—Reunion banquet, Cafe de Paree, 2312 W. 7th st., Los Angeles, Sept. 21. Bob Byers, chmn., 3315 Loosmore st., Los Angeles.

**33d Div. WAR VETS. ASSOC.**—Reunion banquet, Cafe de Paree, 2312 W. 7th st., Wed., Sept. 21; Hq. and registration at Clark Hotel, Los Angeles (Illinois delegation Hq.) Roy R. Haney, chmn., 1414 Summit Ridge dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

**34TH Div.**—L. A. Bolthoff, 413 E. 10th st., Los Angeles.

**35TH Div. Assoc.**—Natl. reunion and dinner, Chas. R. Gesner, 4224 Second av., Los Angeles.

**36TH Div.**—Jim Reeves, chmn., 646 N. Arden blvd., Los Angeles.

**37TH (OHIO) COMBAT Div.**—Reunion banquet, Helene's Restaurant, 1723 N. Highland av., Hollywood, Calif., Wed., Sept. 21, 7:30 p. m. Register at Hq. at Mike Lyman's, 749 S. Hill st., Los Angeles. R. J. Schweikert, chmn., 1560 N. Vine st., Hollywood.

**38TH Div.**—W. H. Abbott, chmn., 2626 S. Mansfield av., Los Angeles.

**39TH Div.**—Roy Huddle, chmn., 2700 Temple st., Los Angeles.

**40TH Div. A. E. F. Assoc.**—Ray I. Follmer, adj., Room 11 City Hall, Los Angeles.

**41ST Div. Assoc.**—Byron A. Curl, chmn., 6553 La Mirada av., Hollywood, Calif.

**42d (RAINBOW) Div. Vets.**—Reunion and banquet, Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, Tues., Sept. 20. Arthur C. Davis, chmn., 2601 S. Figueroa st., Los Angeles.

**76TH Div.**—Grant V. Jenkins, chmn., 8426 W. 4th st., Los Angeles.

**77TH Div. Assoc.**—Reunion registration Hq. at Hayward Hotel, Willard Bender, 510 W. 6th st., Los Angeles.

**78TH Div. A. E. F. Assoc.**—G. C. Hart, chmn., 206 Holmby av., West Los Angeles.

**79TH Div. Assoc.**—Wm. H. Campbell, chmn., 1010 Pershing Square bldg., Los Angeles.

**80TH Div. Assoc.**—Harry G. Matthews, chmn., 2752 Hollyridge dr., Hollywood, Calif.

**81ST Div. Assoc.**—Harold O. Kerber, chmn., 6331 W. 5th st., Los Angeles.

**82d Div. Assoc.**—Paul W. Tilley, 1121½ W. 88th st., Los Angeles.

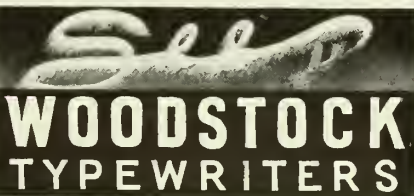
(Continued on page 62)



## WANTED AT ONCE!

### More City and Rural Dealers

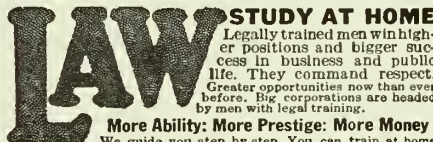
Start your own business with our capital. It pays better than most occupations. Buy everything at wholesale—sell at retail. Be your own boss. Make all the profits on everything you sell. We supply everything—Products, Auto-Bodies, Sample Cases, Advertising Matter, Sales and Service Methods, etc. 15 Factories and Service Branches. Prompt shipments. Lowest freight and express rates. Superior Rawleigh Quality, old established demand, lowest prices, guarantee of satisfaction or no sale, makes easy sales. 200 necessities for home and farm, all guaranteed the best values. Rawleigh's Superior Sales and Service Methods secure most business everywhere. Over 41 million Products sold last year. If you are willing to work steady every day for good pay, write for complete information how to start your own business with our capital. **W. T. Rawleigh Co., Dept. H-35-ALM, Freeport, Ill.**



## Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

**Frontier Asthma Co., 187-C Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.**



**LAW STUDY AT HOME**  
Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. They command respect. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training.  
**More Ability: More Prestige: More Money**  
We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Successful graduates in every section of the United States. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW. **LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 8361-L Chicago**

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS?

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, MY mailing address for The American Legion Magazine is—

### NEW ADDRESS

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

1938 MEMBERSHIP No. \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

POST No. \_\_\_\_\_ DEPT. \_\_\_\_\_

### OLD ADDRESS

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



**THE  
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE  
INDEX of  
ADVERTISERS**

Akron Lamp & Mfg. Company.....	63
Albert Mills .....	59
American Tobacco Company Half & Half .....	2
Carter Medicine Company .....	57
Clamp-O-Pole Company .....	57
College of Swedish Massage .....	63
Convention City Special .....	63
D. D. D. Corporation .....	59
Doan's Pills .....	59
Emblem Division .....	Cover II
Franklin Institute .....	55
Friendship Studios .....	59
Frontier Asthma Company .....	61
General Card Company .....	57
Glover, H. Clay .....	57
Goodrich, B. F. Company .....	53
Gore Products, Inc., of N. O. ....	64
Greyhound Management Company ..	51
Kalamazoo Stove Company .....	59
LaSalle Extension .....	61
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company Velvet .....	47
Metal Cast Products Company .....	55
Nacor Medicine Company .....	63
Nurito Company .....	63
Perfect Film Service .....	57
Premier-Pabst Sales Company.....	49
Rain & Hail Insurance Bureau .....	59
Rawleigh, W. T. Company .....	61
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company Camels .....	Cover IV
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company Prince Albert .....	43
Sani-Flush .....	55
Standard Brands Fleischmann's Yeast...	45
Woodstock Typewriter Company .....	61

# Patrolmen of the Depths

(Continued from page 61)

83d Div.—Frank E. Dalin, chmn., 326 S. Normandie av., Los Angeles.

84th Div.—A. R. Rupp, chmn., 6562 Barton av., Hollywood, Calif.

85th Div.—A. G. Lamie, chmn., 621 S. Hope st., Los Angeles.

86th Div.—R. C. Goedike, chmn., 1128 S. Crest Drive, Los Angeles.

87th Div.—S. J. Puma, chmn., 407 E. Pico st., Los Angeles.

88th Div.—Clyde G. Baerresen, chmn., 548 N. Alexandria st., Los Angeles.

89th Div. WAR SOCIETY—Annual reunion and organization meeting at Natl. Guard Armory, Los Angeles, Mon., Sept. 19. Distinguished guests and entertainment at luncheon with business meeting to follow. Report to George L. Armstrong, gen. chmn., 644 Hall of Justice bldg., Los Angeles.

90th Div. Assoc.—Alfred W. Bader, chmn., 3424 West Blvd., Los Angeles.

91st Div. Assoc.—Dee Holder, gen. mgr., 311½ S. Spring st., Los Angeles.

92d and 93d Div. Assoc.—Mandarin dinner in New Chinatown, Los Angeles, Tues., Sept. 20, 8:30 p.m., Hq. at 5111 Central av. Dennis McG. Matthews, 5118 Latham st., Los Angeles.

ALL COLORED TROOP UNITS—Jerome L. Hubert, gen. chmn., 678 W. 36th st., Los Angeles.

98th Div.—John H. Pelletier, 206 S. Spring st., Los Angeles.

AEF STAFF ASSOC. OF G.H.Q., ARMY & CORPS Hq.—Wm. A. Barr, 1400 N. Gardner st., Los Angeles.

48th INF., Co. M—Reunion. Emil C. Long, San Rafael, Calif.

11th ENGRS.—Henry M. Mibielle, 138 N. Laurel av., Los Angeles.

12th ENGRS.—J. J. Kerins, 6114 Keniston st., Los Angeles.

13th ENGRS.—Daniel D. Coons, 2155 Outpost Drive, Los Angeles.

14th ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Four-day reunion at Hayward Hotel. James A. Fleming, chmn., 5189 Almont st., Los Angeles. Write Carroll E. Scott, contr.-editor, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for copy News.

15th ENGRS.—Luther H. Sample, 3471 Westmount av., Los Angeles.

16th ENGRS.—C. S. Bourdo, 620½ N. New Hampshire av., Los Angeles.

17th ENGRS.—Roy Van Arsdale, 216 Oak st., Montebello, Calif.

18th ENGRS.—Roland Main, 1522 S. Curtis av., Alhambra, Calif.

19th ENGRS.—Grand reunion and banquet, Sept. 21. W. H. Anderson, 710 E. 80th st., Los Angeles.

20th ENGRS. (FORESTRY)—Jack Coskey, 5370 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles.

21st ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—18th annual reunion-convention. Hugh Stevenson, 1349 N. Linden av., Glendale, Calif.

23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—Hq. in Adway Hotel, 11th & Bdwy., Los Angeles; stag reunion dinner, Sept. 21, 6 p. m. C. H. Jeffries, chmn., 2416 E. 16th st., Los Angeles.

25th ENGRS.—Andrew C. Elder, 2714 S. Hill st., Los Angeles.

26th ENGRS.—Annual reunion. Dr. Albert A. Fricke, secy., 246 S. Orange Drive, Los Angeles.

28th ENGRS.—Grant E. Talman, 2246 Malecon av., Sta. M, Los Angeles.

29th ENGRS.—Ralph C. Marr, 2207 Midvale av., West Los Angeles.

34th ENGRS.—Otto F. Nass, 1094 N. Lake av., Pasadena, Calif.

39th ENGRS. (RY.)—14th annual reunion, Sept. 20. Chas. M. Karl, 11640 Princeton av., Chicago.

40th ENGRS.—Geo. A. Robertson, chmn., 11222 Kling st., North Hollywood, Calif.

60th ENGRS.—Basil L. Mark, 405 Ivy st., Glendale, Calif.

61st ENGRS. C. C. Ebe, 1722 Roosevelt av., Los Angeles.

62d ENGRS.—John M. Winters, 1062 W. 51st st., Los Angeles.

66th ENGRS.—Clyde V. Grant, 2228 22d st., Santa Monica, Calif.

147th ENGRS.—J. Douglass Cooper, chmn., 119 Westmont dr., Alhambra, Calif.

605th ENGRS.—Irving Y. Bourdo, 1418 Dixon st., Glendale, Calif.

ALL OTHER ENGR. REGTS. (not parts of divisions)—I. Morgan, chmn., 209 Hayward Hotel, Los Angeles.

CAV. ASSOC. (all Troops)—B. J. Wilkinson, chmn., 1734 W. 38th st., Los Angeles.

11th CAV.—W. C. Weinberger, adjut., Colton, Calif.

9th F. A. (FT. SILL)—Milton Harris, Box 16, Bishop, Calif.

11th F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion in conjunction with 6th Div. reunion. Gilbert F. Benson, 6123 Horner st., Los Angeles.

140th and 148th F. A., 66th BRIG.—T. L. Stearns, P. O. Box 155, Los Angeles.

1st F. A. BRIG. A.—Harry B. Price, 831 Crossway rd., Burlingame, Calif.

ART. CAMPS, PARKS, ARSENALS—Wm. C. Atkinson, 210 Hayward Hotel, Los Angeles.

58th C. A. C., BTRIES, C & D—John Hartmann, 2817 Harrington av., Bronx, N. Y.

C. A. C. UNITS—Reunion stag dinner, Calwell's Restaurant, 2200 W. 7th st., Sept. 21. Reunion

under auspices Coast Artillery Post, A. L. Chas. F. Hendrickx, chmn., 1364 Hauser Blvd., Los Angeles.

3d CORPS ART. PARK—Hq. at Clark Hotel, Los Angeles. John S. Staats, 311 E. Colorado st., Pasadena, Calif.

SACMUR ART. SCHOOL SOCIETY—Hq. in office of John C. Campbell, past chef de goat, 639 S. Spring st. Reunion stag dinner, University Club, 614 S. Hope st., Thurs., Sept. 22, 7 p. m. John C. Campbell, chmn., 639 S. Spring st., Los Angeles.

113th & 332d F. S. BNS.—Warren H. Abbott, 2626 S. Mansfield av., Los Angeles.

308th F. S. BN. & 52d TEL. BN.—Assoc. and reunion. Lyle C. Garner, Box 1964, Hobbs, N. M.

CHEM. WARFARE, 1st GAS REGT. & CHEM. DEF. UNITS—Walter H. Killam, chmn., 402 "E" State bldg., Los Angeles.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Eugene N. Edwards, chmn., 801 City Hall, Los Angeles.

PIONEER INF. & GRAVES REG. SERV.—Claude Peters, chmn., 740 S. Olive st., Los Angeles.

SALVAGE UNITS & ROLLING CANTEN UNITS, QMC—L. Schank, 939 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

116th SAN. TRN., Hq. Co.—Harley E. Shoaff, 206 S. Walnut st., New Castle, Pa.

115th SUP. TRN., Co. C—H. O. Williams, 2226 Cloverdale, Los Angeles.

MOTOR TRANSPORT CORPS (all units)—Gilbert E. Wright, 6233 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood Calif.

303d FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN. ASSOC.—2d annual reunion. Report to W. J. Calvert, 527 State Mutual bldg., Worcester, Mass.

TRANSPORTATION CORPS ASSOC.—John M. Winters, chmn., 1062 W. 51st st., Los Angeles.

REMOUNT UNITS, QMC—O. O. Robertson, chmn., 1655 N. Cherokee av., Hollywood, Calif.

SUPPLY COS., QMC—Franklin J. Potter, 215 W. 5th st., Los Angeles.

RESERVE MALLET (407-8-9 AMMUN. TRNS.)—Chas. J. Mabutt, 1184 Muirfield rd., Los Angeles.

CENTRAL RECORDS OFFICE—John B. Carson, 7576 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

ORDNANCE—Sam Karpel, 1837 S. Mansfield av., Los Angeles.

DOMGERMAIN ORD. DET.—7th reunion. Fabian F. Levy, 419 W. Upsal st., Philadelphia, Pa.

SIGNAL CORPS (not with Divisions)—Russel Wagener, chmn., Hayward Hotel, Los Angeles.

SUBSISTENCE UNITS, QMC—Dexter P. Howard, 1415 Ridgewood pl., Hollywood, Calif.

SPRUCE PRODUCTION DIV.—Clarke Edwards, chmn., 3314 W. 21st st., Los Angeles.

DIV. CRIM. INVEST. (DCI), INTEL. POLICE (IP) and MIL. INTEL. DIV. (MID)—Frank D. Grace, 276 Hall of Justice, Los Angeles.

MIL. POLICE—Valentine J. Beganek, 512 N. Poinsettia pl., Los Angeles.

SERVICE COS. (Telegraph operators)—T. G. Hall, 1737 N. Alverado st., Los Angeles.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual national reunion and meeting. Hq. at Clark Hotel. Free sightseeing tour over Los Angeles in Goodyear blimp and other entertainment. Fred E. Mauldin, chmn., 400 N. Beverly dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT ASSOC.—Scott Jensen, chmn., 7515 Melrose av., Los Angeles.

139th AERO SQDRN.—William F. Bride, 4306 Stillwell av., Los Angeles.

199th AERO SQDRN.—H. J. Lakevold, 643 W. 30th st., Los Angeles.

223d & 249th AERO SQDRNS.—Arrigo Balboni, 1543 Riverside dr., Los Angeles.

225th AERO SQDRN.—C. L. Jackett, 908 6th av., Great Falls, Mont.

241st AERO SQDRN.—M. L. Thomas, Jr., 625 E. Garvey Blvd., San Gabriel, Calif.

DORR & CARLSTROM FIELDS, FLA., & DORR FIELD MASONIC CLUB—Leo Mayer, Montrose, Calif.

AIR SERVICE (all branches, incl. Allied Forces)—Marion West, 3849½ W. 28th st., Los Angeles.

800th AERO REPAIR SQDRN.—Marion E. Pollock, chmn., 306 N. Maple dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

MEDICAL CORPS (not part of divisions)—Dr. Chas. W. Decker, 2417 W. 23d st., Los Angeles.

DENTAL CORPS—Dr. James W. Carson, chmn., 520 W. 7th st., Los Angeles.

BASE HOSP. 48—Miss Caroline L. Goetchius, 8340 Rosewood av., Los Angeles.

BASE HOSP. 52—Dr. Clyde F. Baccus, 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

BASE HOSP. 117—Mrs. Emma J. Pearce Preston, 424 W. Elm st., Compton, Calif.

CAMP HOSP. 43, GIEVERES—Ray A. McKinnie, Box 3465, Phoenix, Ariz.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. 52—Reunion dinner. Mona Lisa Restaurant, 3343 Wilshire Blvd., Wed. Sept. 21. Dr. Walter A. Bayley, 312 Professional bldg., Los Angeles.

EVAC. HOSP. 14—Annual national reunion. J. Charles Meloy, pres., New Milford, Conn.

MOBILE HOSPS.—Jerry Hall, 810 S. Spring st., Los Angeles.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC. & AMER. FIELD SERV.—Reunion-banquet. John Shanks, 1802 Cimarmon st., Los Angeles.

VETERINARY UNITS—Dr. Chas. M. Laird, chmn., 6227 King st., Bell, Calif.

INF. C.O.T.S., CAMP GORDON, & 2d & 3d O.T.S., FT. OGLETHORPE—H. C. Billings, 1616 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, Calif.



VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—Natl. reunion, Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, Wed., Sept. 21. Claude Deal, chmn., 5258 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

NORTH RUSSIA E. F. ASSOC.—E. W. Herrmann, pres., 1333 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, Calif.

U. S. A. PANAMA CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—6th reunion of all zone troops. Louis J. Gilbert, 47 Godwin st., Paterson, N. J.

HAWAIIAN DEPT. VETS. ASSOC.—John L. McPherson, chmn., 3664 Hughes av., Los Angeles.

PHILIPPINE VETS. ASSOC.—Howell H. Hough, chmn., 5425 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

FT. MACARTHUR REUNION ASSOC.—Oliver C. Hardy, secy., 535 Van Nuys bldg., Los Angeles.

AMERICAN VETS. OF FOREIGN ALLIED ARMIES—R. J. Lewis, Las Vegas, Nev.

EDUC. CENTERS ASSOC.—Reunion Hq. at Hayward Hotel. Reunion luncheon, Mon., Sept. 19th, 1 P. M. Harry A. Langjahr, chmn., 2035 N. Highland, Los Angeles.

BASE SECTIONS, SOS—John A. S. Schoch, 826 S. St. Andrews pl., Los Angeles.

WAR DEPT. (except A.G.O.), WASHINGTON, D. C.—H. B. Crosby, chmn., 164 S. G. st., San Bernardino, Calif.

AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR—Chas. R. Gersner, 4224 Second av., Los Angeles.

S. A. T. C.—Harold W. Kennedy, 1100 Hall of Records, Los Angeles.

O. T. C.—Chas. R. Metzger, 5504 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

A. P. O.—Chas. Z. Chapman, 425 N. Gower st., Hollywood, Calif.

A. G. O.—Wm. Norton, 5555 South Western av., Los Angeles.

DEPOT BRIG.—V. B. Bryant, 735 S. St. Andrews pl., Los Angeles.

NAV. AIR STA., ARCACHON and GUJAN—E. J. Oerter, 2516 W. 73d st., Los Angeles.

6TH BATTLE SQDRN. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. W. A. Benson, secy., 180 Delmas av., San Jose, Calif.

U. S. S. Great Northern—Reunion, William S. Long, Mattituck, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. Illinois VETS. ASSOC.—J. F. Handford, 31 E. Tulpehocken st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. S. Kanawha—E. (Spud) Murphy, R. 1, Box 27, El Centro, Calif.

U. S. S. Minneapolis—Lew L. Killey, 2032 S. Third st., Alhambra, Calif.

U. S. S. New Jersey—Proposed reunion. John R. Ward, 523 Olive av., Long Beach, Calif.

U. S. S. Satsuma—Marshall Hoot, 2205 Westboro av., Alhambra, Calif.

RADIO OPERATORS (ship and shore)—1st reunion of vets of Harvard, Armed Guard, ships and strikers. Geo. Bayard, 101 S. 41st st., Philadelphia, Pa.

BATTLESHIP, CRUISER & HOSP. SHIP VETS.—J. Frank Doran, chmn., 1737 Bentley av., West Los Angeles, Calif.

DESTROYER, TORPEDO BOAT, GUN BOAT and MONITOR VETS.—John F. Clapper, chmn., Box 139, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

SUBMARINE, SUB-CHASER and TENDER VETS.—Harold B. Green, chmn., 645 Prospect Crescent Pasadena, Calif.

ARMED GUARD, NAVY, TROOP, ARMY and CARGO TRANSPORTS—Roy Northrup, 5143 W. 20th st., Los Angeles.

U. S. GUARD—Clyde H. McLean, chmn., 246 S. Hill st., Los Angeles.

COAST GUARD, PATROL YACHTS, SUPPLY VESSELS, MINE PLANTERS and SWEEPERS, DISTRICT PATROL and DISTRICT BARGES—Malcolm Letts, 3532 6th av., Los Angeles.

NAVY LAND FORCES—John B. Sledge, 1414 W. 22d st., Los Angeles.

USMC Hq., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Theo. Nathan, 9506 Dearborn st., South Gate, Calif.

3d & 4th REGTS., USMC—A. R. Whitney, 520 Rowan bldg., Los Angeles.

7th REGT. USMC and other foreign serv. (not AEF) units—Max Burnstein, 6414 Rugby av., Huntington Park, Calif.

9th REGT. USMC—C. C. Coburn, Standard Oil Bldg., Los Angeles.

11th & 13th REGTS. USMC—Guy Lewis, 185 N. Hawthorne av., Hawthorne, Calif.

USMC AT NAVAL STA.—John F. Leslie, 2013 Addison way, Los Angeles.

LEGATION GUARDS—Lester Davis, 1143 West Blvd., Los Angeles.

USMC, SEA DUTY—John L. McCoy, 2919

Clarendon av., Huntington Park, Calif.

USMC MARE ISLAND—John M. Evans, 1248 Wholesale st., Los Angeles.

USMC PARRIS ISLAND—John J. Bogardus, 1961 Palmerston pl., Los Angeles.

BRITISH WAR VETS.—W. O. Davidson, Area Comdr., Canadian Legion, 4034 W. 63d st., Los Angeles.

BELGIAN WAR VETS.—Carlos A. Mantion, pres., 705 Equitable bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

FRENCH WAR VETS.—Francois Jacomone, pres., 46 E. Colorado av., Pasadena, Calif.

ITALIAN WAR VETS.—A. Amati, pres., 401 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

RED CROSS, SALVATION ARMY, Y.M.C.A., JEWISH WELFARE and K. of C. reunions—Marjorie Jackson, exec. secy., L. A. Chap., A.R.C. 1218 Menlo av., Los Angeles.

## NOTICES of reunions and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention follow:

4TH DIV.—Reunion and banquet, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 22. Write Renbie Miller, secy. Ohio Chap., Groveport, Ohio, for an Ivy Leaf.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Annual national reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 3-5. Roy D. Peters, 441 E. Orange st., Lancaster.

5TH DIV.—Reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 21-26. E. S. Roderick, pres., Canton-Akron Camp, Soc. 5th Div., 1921 Ilauer, N. W., Canton, Ohio.

6TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion-banquet, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 21-26. E. B. Kays, Bryan, Ohio.

7TH DIV. OFFICERS ASSOC.—14th reunion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 19. J. B. Kittrell, pres., Greenville, N. C.

26TH (YD) DIV. ASSOC.—Men in N. Y. and N. J. invited to join New York Chapter. Jos. Greenberg, 2092 Davidson av., Bronx, N. Y.

27TH DIV. ASSOC.—20th anniversary and observance of battle of Hindenburg Line, Albany, N. Y., Sept. 30-Oct. 1. For copy Orion Messenger, write Eugene R. Collins, Observer bldg., Troy, N. Y.

29TH (BLUE and GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 2-5. J. Fred Chase, natl. comdr., 1427 Eye st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

32ND DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 3-5. M. M. Kincaid, gen. chmn., Box E, Pantlind Hotel, Grand Rapids.

35TH DIV.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 4-6. Harry J. Kierker, secy., 2813 Maurer av., St. Louis.

37TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Zanesville, Ohio, Sept. 3-5. Write Jas. A. Sterner, asst. secy. Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio, for News.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 12-14. Ray Taylor, Closter, N. J.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Indiana, Pa., Aug. 4-7. Mark R. Byrne, res. secy. 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

82ND DIV. ASSOC.—Copy of last issue of All-American available to all 82d vets who write to R. J. McBride, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASH. SECTOR—Annual reunion, Seattle, Wash., Sat., Oct. 1. B. K. Powell, secy., 201 American Bank bldg., Seattle.

92ND DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Send names and addresses to Wm. E. Holman, Jr., secy., 6236 S. Ada st., Chicago, Ill., for roster.

36TH INF. CLUB—For roster, report to Harry Berg, secy., 3139 15th av., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

60TH INF. and 61ST INF.—Reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 3-5, with 5th Div. reunion. Roy D. Peters, 441 E. Orange st., Lancaster.

64TH INF.—Proposed reunion. Report to Nicholas Belotti, 3940 Carpenter av., Bronx, N. Y.

107TH INF.—Reunion dinner, Hotel Astor, New York City, Sept. 29, to commemorate 20th anniversary of breaking of Hindenburg Line. A. L. Burgess, adjt., 16 Wall st., New York.

138TH INF.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Sat., Aug. 6. Harry J. Dierker, secy., 2813 Maurer av., St. Louis.

313TH INF.—Annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 1. Gorman Schaible, chmn., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

(Continued on page 64)

## HEAT for 1½¢ per hour or COSTS NOTHING TO TRY



Amazing new Radiant Heater. Burns 96% air. Makes its own gas. No piping. No installation. A few pints of cheap liquid transforms ordinary air into many hours of clean, healthful, penetrating heat like sunshine, for 1½¢ an hour. Hotter than gas or electricity, at one-tenth the cost. EASY TO OPERATE. No smoke, soot, ashes or odor. Portable.

**30 DAYS' TRIAL!**

Write at once for special introductory low-price offer. Try it at our risk. Prove to yourself that you can have radiant heat at 1½¢ an hour. No obligation! Send now.

**BURNS 96% AIR**

**only 4¢ FUEL**

**AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO.**

**1318 High Street, AKRON, OHIO**

**AGENTS!**

Make Big Money! NEW EASY PLAN!

Write quick for territory and Outfit Offer.

## NEURITIS Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.



## Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE. THE College of Swedish Massage 1601 Warren Blvd., Dept. C75, Chicago (Successor to National College of Massage)

## ASTHMA WRITE FREE TRIAL OFFER!

If you suffer from Asthma Paroxysms, from coughs, gasping, wheezing—write quick for daring **FREE TRIAL OFFER** of real relief. Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited. Write **NACOR**, 956-E State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

## ON TO LOS ANGELES

Travel by Special Train—15 Glorious Days 7000 MILES OF SCENIC GRANDEUR

SEE: Indian ceremonies—Red Lodge, Mont. Billings-Spokane-Seattle-Victoria, B.C. Portland San Francisco-Southern California-Old Mexico Salt Lake-Royal Gorge-Colorado Springs-Denver.

Write for full details: **CONVENTION CITY SPECIAL** Conductors of A. L. low-cost tours since 1928 **Morrison Hotel . . . Chicago, Ill.**

THE AMERICAN LEGION  
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT  
May 31, 1938

### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit . . . . .	\$ 537,026.31
Notes and accounts receivable . . . . .	49,081.97
Inventories . . . . .	124,805.16
Invested funds . . . . .	1,721,827.09
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund . . . . .	197,271.39
Office building, Washington D. C., less depreciation . . . . .	125,930.96
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation . . . . .	32,522.60
Deferred charges . . . . .	25,167.24
	<b>\$2,813,632.72</b>

### Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities . . . . .	\$ 68,088.29
Funds restricted as to use . . . . .	24,366.78
Deferred revenue . . . . .	405,022.30
Contingent liability . . . . .	4,460.96
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund . . . . .	197,271.39
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital . . . . .	\$1,712,430.27
Unrestricted capital . . . . .	401,992.73
	<b>2,114,423.00</b>
	<b>\$2,813,632.72</b>

## LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HARVEY DUNN, DeWitt Coleman Post, Tenafly, New Jersey.  
KARL DETZER, Bowen-Holliday Post, Traverse City, Michigan.  
J. W. SCHLAIKJER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.  
BERT G. BATES, Umpqua (Oregon) Post.  
FRANK STREET, Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.  
ROSS E. AMOS, Newark (New Jersey) Post.  
JIM HURLEY, Advertising Men's Post, New York City.  
AL THACKRAH, Henry H. Houston 2d Post, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.





## FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT

*Send Coupon  
Don't Pay Until  
Relieved*

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

### Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

### Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

### Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

### H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know you will be glad to send us \$1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

AL

200 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

## Patrolmen of the Depths

(Continued from page 63)

30TH (OLD HICKORY) DIV.—Annual reunion, Winston-Salem, N. C., Sept. 29-30. Irwin Monk, pres., Asheville, N. C.

314TH INF.—Annual regimental reunion, Reading, Pa., Sept. 22-24. Visit 314th memorial log cabin at Valley Forge, Pa. Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

VETS. OF 314TH INF.—Meeting and day's outing of vets in N. Y.-N. J. area, at Luna Park, Coney Island, N. Y., Sat., Aug. 6. Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—19th reunion, New Haven, Conn., Sept. 24, Montaucon Day. R. A. Cullen, 1829 Cobbs Creek Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa.

353D (ALL KANSAS) INF. SOC.—Annual reunion, Abilene, Kans., Sept. 3-5. Report to D. Milton Jones, Abilene.

355TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and convention, Hastings, Nebr., Sept. 11-12. Jay M. Mead, Colonel, Hastings.

45TH INF., Co. K.—Reunion, Orleans, Ind., Sept. 4. P. Templeton, 726 N. Illinois st., Monticello, Ind.

127TH INF., M. G. Co.—Reunion, Ashland, Wisc., Aug. 13-16, during Legion Dept. Convention. Fred Nelson, secy., Ashland.

129TH INF., HQ. Co.—Reunion at Norman J. Cornwall Post Hq., North Riverside, Ill., Sept. 11. Geo. W. Burton, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.

134TH INF., Co. I.—Reunion-picnic, Russell Park, Ord, Nebr., Aug. 28. C. W. Clark, secy., Ord.

140TH INF., Co. I.—Reunion, Kennett, Mo., Sept. 4. L. E. Wilson, 5908 Park, Kansas City, Mo.

147TH INF., Co. B.—5th annual reunion, Sandusky, Ohio, Sept. 25. Send name and address for permanent roster to John G. Meyers, pres., 2205 Campbell st., Sandusky. Also inquire at 37th Div. reunion, Zanesville, Ohio, Sept. 3-5.

329TH INF., Co. E.—5th annual reunion-picnic, Archbold, Ohio, Sun., Aug. 28. J. A. Beard, Napoleon, Ohio.

351ST INF., M. G. Co.—6th annual reunion, Greenwood Park, Des Moines, Iowa, Sun., Aug. 7. Henry J. Reinders, secy., Mallard, Iowa.

6TH INF., Co. 2 D. O. T. C., CAMP STANLEY, TEX.—Reunion of graduates, Austin, Tex., Aug. 27-30, with Legion Dept. Convention. Ed Easters, 2230 North st., Beaumont, Tex.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 3-5. R. C. Dickieson, secy., 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

322D F. A. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, Sat., Sept. 10. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio.

324TH F. A. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 13-14. Wayne W. Rouch, secy., Bookwalter bldg., Springfield, Ohio.

327TH F. A.—12th annual reunion and basket dinner, Manners Park, Taylorville, Ill., Sun., Sept. 11. C. C. May, secy., 1924 N. 5th st., Springfield, Ill.

328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—15th annual reunion and election, Battle Creek, Mich., Sun., Aug. 21, with Legion Dept. Convention. Leonard J. Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison av., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

111TH F. A., BTRY. F (ROCKBRIDGE ART.)—Proposed reunion at Lexington or Richmond, Va. Write Robt. D. Beeton, 1630 Fuller st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

51ST ART., C. A. C., BTRY. A—Proposed organization and reunion. W. E. Wilder, 409 W. Gorgas st., Louisville, Ohio.

305TH M. G. BN., Co. A—12th annual reunion, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Oct. 22. Ralph L. Newcome, 44 Van Doren av., Chatham, N. J.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—15th annual reunion, 10th Inf. Armory, Albany, N. Y., Sun., Sept. 11. Otto Rauch, gen. chmn., 186 Adams st., Delmar, N. Y.

54TH PIONEER INF.—Permanent organization. Proposed State and national reunions. C. Wilson Fry, 531 Stanwood st., Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

50TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—7th annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 7. L. F. Hart, secy., Monroe.

313TH F. S. BN.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 1. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa.

Co. 320, M. S. T. 405—2d annual reunion, Omaha, Nebr., Sept. 4-5. C. J. Winandy, 6129 N. Hermitage av., Chicago, Ill.

102D MOTOR TRUCK CO.—For wartime roster, write to Francis P. Dostaler, 773 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

405TH MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Proposed reunion. Robt. M. West, Detroit Free Press, Detroit, Mich.

404TH MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Proposed reunion. Russell S. Nell, Box 64, Hawley, Pa.

421ST MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Reunion, Scranton, Pa., Aug. 18-20, with Legion Dept. Convention. A. E. Zoeller, 368 Scott st., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

113TH SUP. TRN., Co. B—Proposed reunion. Russell Paris, R. 1B, Franklin, Ind.

Co. F 309TH SUP. TRN. SOC.—12th annual reunion, Warner Hotel, Chillicothe, Ohio, Aug. 13-14. C. C. Perry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

3d H. M. O. R. S.—Reunion, Fort Shelby Hotel, French rd., Detroit, Aug. 25-27. John M. Lux, 4475 French rd., Detroit.

316TH SUP. TRN., 918T Div.—To complete up-to-date roster, report name and address to Otto G. Hintermann, 2847 Golden Gate av., San Francisco, Calif.

439TH SUP. TRN., Co. C—For up-to-date roster, report to John T. Feeley, 326 Bainbridge st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

102D AMMUN. TRN.—Proposed reunion. Frank V. Baldwin, Jr., 1411 Broadway, New York City.

309TH AMMUN. TRN. ASSOC.—Annual encampment, Shakamak State Park, near Jasonville, Ind., Sun., Sept. 4. Free quarters and rations for members. H. E. Stearley, secy.-treas., Box 277, Brazil, Ind.

314TH AMMUN. TRN.—3d annual reunion, Fremont, Nebr., July 31-Aug. 1, with Legion Dept. Convention. Geo. W. Lamb, secy., 1105 E. Dodge, Fremont.

16TH ENGRS.—Reunion, Detroit-Leland Hotel, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 3-5. R. J. Vrooman, 704 E. Jefferson av., Detroit.

19TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Stephen Girard Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 6, 2 p. m. Banquet at 6:30 p. m. Geo. M. Bailey, adjt., 319 W. 28th st., Wilmington, Del.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Chittenden Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 3-5. Geo. Rempke, secy., 2523 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

52D RY. TRANSP. ENGRS.—1st annual reunion and banquet, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 21-26. James A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle, Pa.

109TH ENGRS., Co. A—Reunion, Ottumwa, Iowa, Sun., Oct. 9. Harry Lynch, Ottumwa.

113TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Forest Park, Noblesville, Ind., Sept. 24-25. F. C. Craig, secy., 55 Virginia av., Indianapolis, Ind.

308TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—18th annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, Aug. 6-7. Lee W. Staffler, secy., Sandusky, Ohio.

BAKERY CO., No. 2—1st annual reunion, Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 21-26. W. S. Barnhart, 882 Adams av., Chillicothe, Ohio.

5TH CONSTRUCTION CO. (BRICKLAYERS)—Proposed reunion of vets of Driffield and Sussex, Eng. H. B. Skinner, 1st sqt., 35 E. 4th st., Newport, Ky.

319TH AUX. REMOUNT DEPOT—Annual reunion, Franklin, Ind., Nov. 6. Ross M. Halgren, 620 Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

50TH AERO SQDRN. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Sept. 3-6. J. Howard Hill, First-Central Tower, Akron, Ohio.

142D AERO SQDRN.—4th annual reunion, Weir Lake, Broadheadsville, Pa., Sept. 1-3. Floyd D. Moyer, pres., 2032 W. Broad st., Bethlehem, Pa.

150TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd W. Freeman, 22 Park av., Cranford, N. J.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—4th annual reunion, Kankakee, Ill., Aug. 20-21. H. S. Lewis, 107 W. White st., Champaign, Ill.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, eastern division, New York City, Sept. 3-5. L. J. Ford, 628 W. York st., Philadelphia, Pa. Reunion, midwest division, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 3-5. Dan Ross, 683 Capital av., N. E., Battle Creek, Mich.

490TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Harold N. Shaw, 11 Chester rd., Derry Village, N. H.

801ST and 35TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion, Allerton Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 3-5. F. C. Erhardt, 1256 E. LaSalle av., South Bend, Ind.

6TH BATTLE SQDRN. ASSOC., U. S. N.—For details of early East Coast reunion, write to W. A. O'Neill, secy., 3 Essex st., Lynn, Mass.

U. S. A. GEN. HOSP. No. 8, OTISVILLE, N. Y.—Reunion, Lido Inn, Vestal, N. Y., Aug. 11-13, during Legion Dept. Convention in Endicott.

ARTHUR SWARTWOOD, HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.

BASE HOSP. No. 7—Proposed reunion officers, nurses, enlisted men. E. P. Shea, 9-11 Park st., Adams, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—20th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 12. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 415 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

"ORIGINAL 120." FT. ETHAN ALLEN to CAMP BEAUREGARD—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., in Sept. E. E. Rosseau, 358 Hillside av., Holyoke, Mass.

FIELD HOSP. No. 317—Reunion, Boyertown, Pa., in Sept. Norman Schoenly, Boyertown.

AMBULANCE CO. 35 VETS. ASSOC.—7th annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Sun., Sept. 4. Harry E. Black, Box 153 Parnassus Sta., New Kensington, Pa.

148TH AMBULANCE CO. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Toledo Post Island in Maumee River near Waterville, Ohio, Sat., Aug. 27. H. J. Good, adjt., 2629 Northwood av., Toledo, Ohio.

A. R. C. AMBULANCE CO. 18 (dater 341st AMB. CO.)—Annual reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 10. H. Y. Tinch, secy., Broad Ripple Auto Co., Indianapolis.

DIVINO SCHOOL, MARINE BASIN, BROOKLYN—Reunion of Deep Sea Divers, Endicott, N. Y., Aug. 11-13, with N. Y. Dept. Convention. J. H. Mungle, 254 Main st., Johnson City, N. Y.

U. S. S. Guinevere—Proposed reunion this fall. Victor F. DeNezzo, 18 Asylum st., Hartford, Conn.

U. S. M. MONT VERN ASSOC.—20th annual reunion, Boston, Mass., Sept. 3. P. N. Horne, Room 501, 110 State st., Boston.

U. S. S. Solace—Annual reunion of former crew, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 5. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

VETS. AEF SIBERIA—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 8. Edw. B. Buckley, 155 N. Clark st., Chicago.

AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion, Hotel Plymouth, New York City, Sept. 24-26. G. J. Murray, natl. adjt., 7225 S. Main av., Scranton, Pa.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE





# He made 'em Laugh

ABIAN A. WALLGREN'S cartoons in "The Stars and Stripes" brought joy to the A. E. F. Wally thumbed the nose at Brass Hats in disrespectful sketches of the lantern-jawed "Tops," the elegantly groomed "Second Louey." And he immortalized the struggles of the Buck Private to accommodate his civilian soul to Army regulations while wrestling with such major problems as cooties, shaving without a mirror, and counting change in francs, sous and centimes.

They tell a story about Wally. They say he was presented to General Pershing, who graciously remarked, "Your name is not unfamiliar to me, Private Wallgren"—to which Wally replied (with a

dignity born of ample liquid refreshment), "*Your name is not unfamiliar to me, General Pershing!*" They swear it's true—and that Wally's immediate superiors were very, very annoyed.

Look in this issue for another of Wally's cartoons.

\* \* \*

Is anybody making a collection of the stories about the American doughboy? Here's one—about a Second Louey who, after *la guerre*, had one day for a long planned tour through the German countryside. The night before, he left his hotel's 'phone number with a buddy who was to dig up a car for the trip. "Five" droned his buddy's voice on the

wire next day, "A.M. when I got the car but P.M. now and only three holeproof tires on the car." . . . "Which shows why," says the Advertising Man," "Goodrich (page 53) finds us ex-service boys a dandy audience for their story of real American brand Goodrich Tires."

"Speaking of collections—I've seen quite a few pipes and cigarette-holders fellows brought back as souvenirs from Over There. But what gets smoked in 'em? American brands of tobacco and cigarettes! And *that's* why Camels (back cover) and Prince Albert (page 43) find us an interested audience for *their* story of quality cigarettes and mellow, tasty smoking tobacco."



# Star Diver

MARSHALL WAYNE, OLYMPIC CHAMPION,  
GIVES A BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE



**SWAN DIVE**—The easy grace of Marshall Wayne's descent depends on intense muscular coordination and cast-iron nerve control.



**HALF-TWIST**—Split-second timing—perfect form! Wayne can't risk jitters. Discussing smoking, he says: "Camels are easy on my nerves."



**JACK-KNIFE**—Bronze-sheathed muscles tense in the blue—a thrilling pause aloft—an arrowlike flash into the pool, leaving scarcely a ripple.



**INTERMISSION**—and a Camel! "Always after a strenuous exhibition," says champion Wayne, "I smoke a Camel for a very welcome 'lift'!"

—And now, Marshall Wayne pauses for a moment to answer Elnora Greenlaw's question: "Are Camel cigarettes really *different* from the others?"



"**THE BIG THING** in smoking," says golfer Henry Picard, tournament ace, "is how a cigarette *agrees* with you from all angles. Camels suit me to a 'T'. Camels are mild—easy on my nerves—they set me right. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' any time!"



"You always seem to be smoking Camels, Marshall. Do you find them very different from other kinds?"

"I certainly do find Camels different, 'Nora—and from so *many* angles. Camels are so mild—so easy on the throat. Yet they've got plenty of good rich taste. And I can smoke as many Camels as I want. They never tire my taste or get me jumpy. Camels don't bother my nerves the least bit. Besides, Camels are swell during and after meals. They sure help my digestion. Camels agree with me in a *lot* of ways!"

"**MOST DIVERS I KNOW** smoke Camels," says Marshall Wayne, iron man of the American Olympic Diving Squad. "Most expert shots prefer Camels," says Ransford Triggs, famous marksman. Fliers, auto racers, explorers, engineers—people in every sport and occupation of daily life look to Camels for the real pleasure in smoking. "Camels set you right!"

Camels are a matchless blend  
of finer, **MORE**  
**EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**  
—Turkish and Domestic

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



**PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS**

**THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

ONE SMOKER  
TELLS ANOTHER:

## "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

Tobacco growers  
have good reason to make  
Camels *their* cigarette

Read what these planters say about  
Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos



"At the tobacco auctions," says grower Leon Mullen, "Camel buyers don't bother with poor lots. They buy the choice tobacco. That's why most of us men who grow and *know* tobacco smoke Camels. We *know* the difference!"



Alton Barnes, planter, says about Camels: "Year after year the best lots of my tobacco have gone to Camels. Naturally, we tobacco growers select the best for our own smoking. So we choose Camels!"